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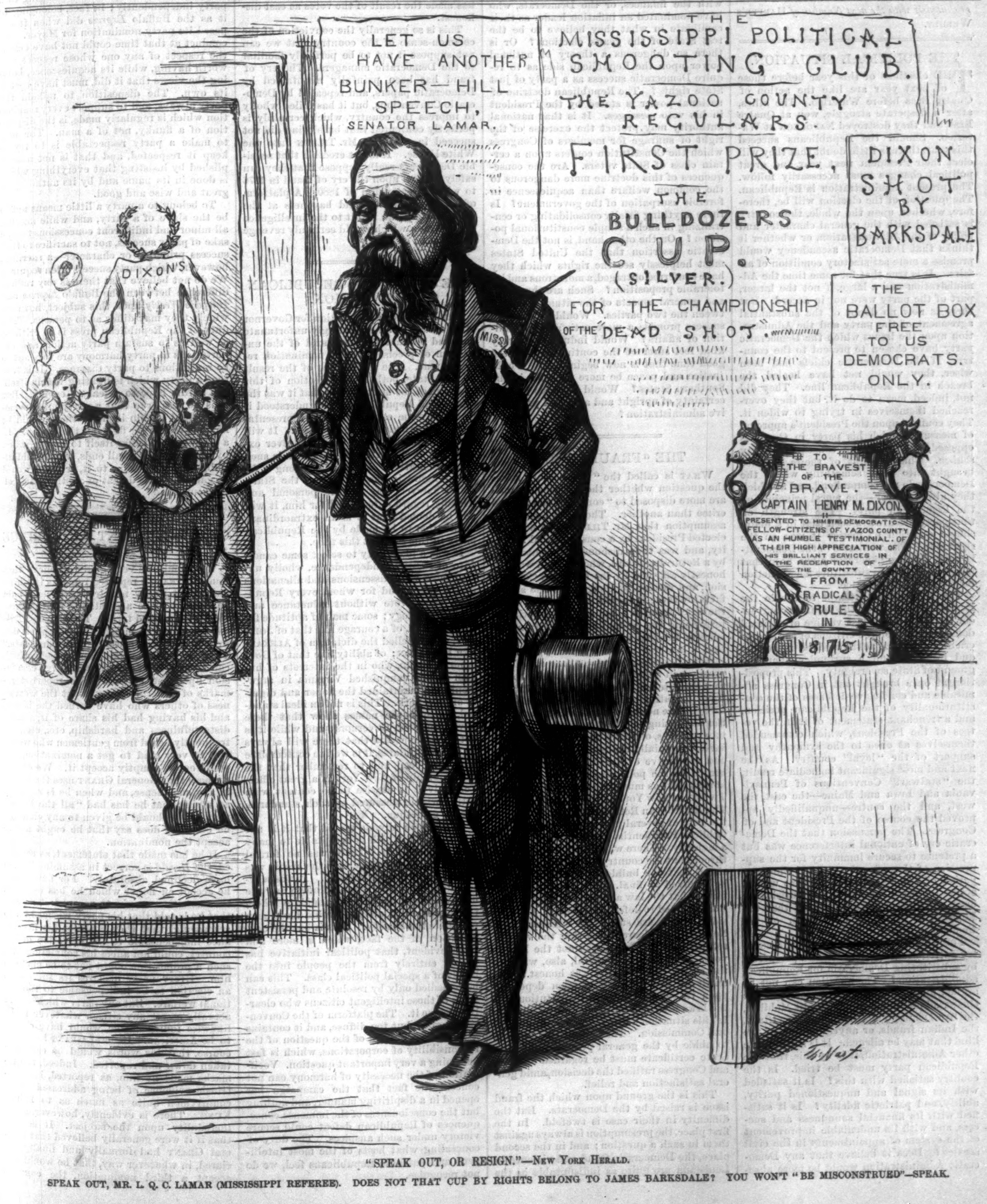
LET US HAVE ANOTHER BUNKER-HILL SPEECH, SENATOR LAMAR.
THE MISSISSIPPI POLITICAL SHOOTING CLUB.
THE YAZOO COUNTY REGULARS.
FIRST PRIZE, THE BULLDOZERS CUP. (SILVER.) FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE "DEAD SHOT".
DIXON SHOT BY BARKSDALE
THE BALLOT BOX FREE TO US DEMOCRATS. ONLY.
DIXON'S
MISS
TO THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE. CAPTAIN HENRY M. DIXON. PRESENTED TO HIM BY HIS DEMOCRATIC FELLOW-CITIZENS OF YAZOO COUNTY AS AN HUMBLE TESTIMONIAL. OF THEIR HIGH APPRECIATION OF HIS BRILLIANT SERVICES IN THE REDEMPTION OF THE COUNTY FROM RADICAL RULE IN 1875.
Th. Nast.

"SPEAK OUT, OR RESIGN."—NEW YORK HERALD.

SPEAK OUT, MR. L. Q. C. LAMAR (MISSISSIPPI REFEREE). DOES NOT THAT CUP BY RIGHTS BELONG TO JAMES BARKSDALE? YOU WON'T "BE MISCONSTRUED"—SPEAK.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the continuation of the story,* "THE SUNKEN ROCK," *an engraving from* LESSING'S *picture,* "*The Martyrdom of Huss,*" *and a rich variety of reading matter.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE elections of this year before those of next year are like the action of Quatre Bras before Waterloo. The allies, after a desperate struggle, won at Quatre Bras, and they destroyed **NAPOLEON** at Waterloo. Should the Republicans succeed this year, there is little doubt that they will elect their President next year, and great political changes must necessarily follow. The present Administration is Republican. The question of the election will be, therefore, whether, upon the whole, the country is satisfied with the general character and policy of the Administration, or whether it thinks that Democratic ascendency would promise a more satisfactory condition of affairs. It is true that for some time the Administration and a large, if not the larger, part of the party were not in accord. But there is now no doubt of the substantial agreement of the party and the Admistration upon the issues which the Democratic party have chosen to present to the country. If the Democratic chiefs had been wiser, they would not have healed the breach in the Republican line. They did not, indeed, mean to do it, but they overreached themselves in trying to widen it. They counted upon the President's approval of measures which his party in Congress opposed, and upon the consequent party schism. This attempt of theirs at once brought into view something which the Democrats do not comprehend, and at which they always sneer—the moral principle of the Republican party. The strength of that party has always been that in a plain, simple question of justice it was on the right side. The weakness of the Democratic party for two generations has been that it has attempted to substitute a legal fiction for the instinct of justice.

The Democratic attempt to divide the Republicans involved the voluntary surrender by them of the last vestige of national defense of the colored citizens of the Southern States against acknowledged oppression and injustice, and a surrender upon the ground of State sovereignty. This proposition at once brought out in Congress admirable and conclusive defenses of the constitutionality of the Republican position, and a trenchant statement of it in the vetoes of the President, which commended themselves at once to the sympathy and support of the "loyal" country. As the next and most significant immediate result, the "stalwart" Conventions of Pennsylvania and Iowa and Maine—the east, the west, and the centre—unqualifiedly approved the course of the President and of Congress. The persuasion that the Democratic cry of national interference was but a pretense to secure immunity for the suppression of the colored vote, and the usurpation of the government by that means, aroused the old feeling of the antislavery days, and it is upon that feeling that the Republican party, by the action of the Democrats, is now united.

For what reason, then, should the country anticipate greater peace and prosperity by substituting Democratic for Republican administration? The question can not be argued upon the merits or demerits of the **GRANT** administrations, the Crédit Mobilier, the San Domingo affair, the Whiskey Rings, the Indian frauds, or anything else of the kind that may be alleged. It is not by some other Administration, it is by this, that the Republican party must be tried. Is the country satisfied with this? Is it satisfied with its signal and unquestioned purity, ability, and patriotic fidelity? Is it satisfied with its financial soundness and success, and with its undeniable improvement of the system of appointments in the civil service? Does it believe that any Democratic Administration would be more absolutely free from every kind of scandal, or of sounder financial views or policy, or more efficient in reforming administrative abuses? If not, what is to be gained by overthrow of the party which is responsible for the Administration, and which by the principle of popular government is rightfully to be judged by its Administration? Passing to other considerations, is the case changed? The inane "fraud issue" we discuss elsewhere. If in regard to other questions the election is to be decided by the general views declared by party Conventions and by party presses and orators, is the Democratic party to be more trusted than the Republican not to meddle with the currency or to try financial experiments? Business is reviving, and every industrial interest requires that politicians shall keep hands off. Which is the more likely to do so, the Republicans, under whose auspices specie payments have been resumed, and who have steadily resisted tampering with the finances, or the Democrats, who have nominated an inflation leader as their candidate in what they believe to be the test State of the year's elections? Or is there so dangerous a theory of national power upon the Republican side as to require Democratic success as a party of just State rights? The Republican doctrine of national power is stated by the President in his veto messages. It is that national authority may protect the exercise of the right of suffrage for members of Congress which the Constitution confers upon a certain class of State voters. Are the consequences of this doctrine more dangerous to the common welfare than acquiescence in forcible usurpation of the government? Is there anything fatally consolidating or centralizing in such a simple constitutional position? On the other hand, is not the Democratic assertion that the United States must helplessly see the rights which they have conferred outraged, a monstrous and intolerable proposition? Such are the broad and general aspects of the situation as between the two parties. Would Democratic success promise a more satisfactory condition of affairs? Would industry of every kind feel surer of the continuation of the good time that is now beginning? Would justice and peace be more probable in the Southern States? Would there be greater certainty of upright and able and progressive administration?

THE "FRAUD" ISSUE.

WHAT is called the "fraud issue" raises the question whether the American people are more disposed to "condone" one alleged crime than another. The fraud issue is an assumption that Mr. **TILDEN** was honestly elected President by a constitutional majority, and was then dishonestly counted out by a Returning Board, whose action was dishonestly affirmed by the Electoral Commission, and ratified by Congress. The simple facts are these, in regard to Louisiana, where the chief fraud is alleged. The practice of terrorizing the colored vote in certain parishes of Louisiana had become so universal that a law was passed authorizing the Returning Board to throw out the vote of any precinct in which the Board was satisfied that the vote had been unfair, either through fraud or intimidation. In the election of 1876 the one notorious fact in Louisiana was the bulldozing of the colored voters in certain parishes, of which the Cincinnati *Commercial* especially contained the most ample and conclusive evidence. The vote as recorded at the polls was a notoriously dishonest vote, as much so as that recorded by **TWEED** in New York in the election of 1868. The Republican Returning Board threw out the vote of several parishes, so that the Republican Presidential electors were left with a majority. There was immense excitement throughout the country. The Democrats insisted that the bulldozed results ought to be received as final. The Republicans retorted that the law authorizing the revision was designed to defeat bulldozing. On both sides there were suspicious circumstances. Nothing was clearer than that the vote as returned to the Board was not the honest vote. But it was doubtful, also, whether the action of the Board was honest. The result of the national election depended upon it, yet neither the Constitution nor the laws provided an unchallenged remedy. In this situation Congress created the Electoral Commission. The Commission decided to abide by the general principle that the State certificate must be regarded as final, and Congress ratified the decision, amid general satisfaction and relief.

This is the ground upon which the fraud issue is raised by the Democrats. But the difficulty in their case is twofold. In the first place, the presumption is always against them in such a question; and in the second place, the Democratic fraud and violence in Louisiana are quite as indisputable as the fraud alleged against the Republicans. The truth is that both parties were befouled, and the country is fortunate to have had a peaceful and lawful escape. But for the Democratic party to hope to take the position of purity and honesty in the election of 1876, as against the Republicans, is inexpressibly ludicrous. There is no spectacle in our political history more ridiculous than that of Mr. **TILDEN** announcing solemnly from amidst a pile of cipher telegrams that the country will never condone fraud. The assumption of the fraud issue is a general belief that Mr. **TILDEN** honestly received a constitutional majority. But there is no such belief. Nobody believes that the election in several of the Southern States was an honest election. It is very easy to say that it is only possible to count the votes that are cast. But this is no less foolish than easy, when it is known that a system of fraud like that of last year in South Carolina, or of terror as in 1876 in Louisiana, has made the result of the votes as cast dishonest.

This is so generally the conviction of the common-sense of the country that we can not suppose it not to be perfectly familiar to the Democratic managers. The cry of fraud has been painfully maintained by Democratic papers, and repeated by Democratic Conventions, but it has failed wholly to impress the country, which certainly is perfectly contented that bulldozing did not succeed in carrying Mr. **TILDEN** into the White House. It is not credible that sensible Democrats really suppose that they can safely depend upon the cry of fraud in 1876 to win the campaign of 1880. A platform of "fraud," inflation, and bayonets at the polls would be an insult to the intelligence of the Union which would certainly revenge itself at the election.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE Republican nomination for Governor of New York is an exceedingly unfortunate one, and all that has been said of the unwisdom of precisely such a nomination remains true. The importance of the result in this State, both in the election of this year and of the next, is such that it was the duty of all Republicans who understood it to select some candidate truly representative of its principles and purposes. It will not be contended that, with whatever excellences of character, Mr. **CORNELL** is such a representative. He has been long a familiar figure in the politics of the State, and whatever may be the personal and friendly regard entertained for him, it will not be denied that it is an extraordinary nomination to be made by the Republican party in this State at this time.

It was a plain duty to select some candidate of political independence, wholly unconnected with dissensions and alienations in the party, and for whom every Republican could vote without reluctance and without apology; some man of aptitude for public affairs, of a courage like that of **JOHN JAY**, who repelled the dictation of **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**; of ability like that of Governor **SEWARD**, who in the interests of human rights vanquished Virginia in argument, and maintained the honor and dignity of New York. This is not an ideal standard, because the names show that there have been such Governors; and while it is not to be expected that there will always be such candidates, it is well to contemplate what has been, and to remember that the Governorship of New York is a great office. Certainly it is unwise to be content with action which, measured by such standards, is only grotesque.

It has been already stated that it is not a nomination which is acceptable to many who supported it. There was no formal speech of presentation, and the result was received without enthusiasm. It was a result due entirely to what is known as "the machine," and any other candidate whom the machine had adopted would have been nominated as readily. This is but the confirmation of the fact, which is more and more evident, that political initiative has passed entirely from the people into the hands of a special political class. This can be remedied only by resolute and persistent work of those intelligent citizens who clearly perceive it. The platform of the Convention is good, but too diffuse, and it contains a timely recognition of the question of the responsibility of corporations, which is fast becoming a very important question. Vociferation of the necessity of harmony can not conceal the fact that the campaign has opened in a dispiriting manner, and nothing but the consciousness of the immense consequences of Republican defeat could secure victory under such auspices. The duty of concealing what hosts of the most intelligent and patriotic Republicans feel, we do not recognize.

PARTY LOYALTY.

THE Buffalo *Express* disclaims the remarks about the "leniency of the machine" which we attributed to it, and we must have been in error as to their source. But our own article was addressed not to the source of the remarks, but to their substance. The *Express*, indeed, has practically asserted its own independence by refusing to follow the machine upon certain occasions, and it has exercised the wholesome right of bolting party dictation when it directed a course which the *Express* did not approve. That is all the independence which could be asked of any journal. If it will abide by its own opinion, and when its party takes a mistaken position, oppose it, and when it makes an improper nomination, oppose that, it certainly need not be troubled by the fact that it may be called an "organ."

As for belonging to a party a little, that, as we understand it, means belonging to a party independently; in fact, belonging to it as the Buffalo *Express* did when it opposed its party nomination for Mayor. Its conduct at that time could not have cost it the respect of any one whose respect was worth having, while its acquiescence, holding the views that it did, must have cost it its own. The disposition to uphold the party always, and to support every nomination which is regularly made, is the disposition of a flunky, not of a man. The way to make a party respectable is to try to keep it respected, and that is not accomplished by insisting that everything which is done in its name and by its authority is great and wise and good.

To belong to a party a little means not to be the slave of a party, and while making all minor and indifferent concessions for the sake of party success, not to sacrifice to that success principle or character—a sacrifice, however, which party success often requires. We do not believe that there is any radical difference between the Buffalo *Express* and *Harper's Weekly* upon this subject, however widely they may differ as to persons. The duty of the Republican press is to criticise as well as to sustain party action, and exhortations to party harmony are very apt to be invitations to party disgrace. It is true that a party which is fighting within itself can hardly hope to defeat an enemy. But it is no less true that a party must sometimes fight within itself, or there would be no good reason for fighting the enemy. If a party should suffer itself to be controlled by small men for small ends, why should intelligent men belong to it, or what would be gained by the defeat of another party of the same kind?

GENERAL GRANT AND PRINCE KUNG.

WE should be very glad to believe that General **GRANT**'s reported remarks in China mean that under no circumstances would he consent to be a candidate for the Presidency for a third term. The Chicago *Tribune* interprets them as "a very explicit disavowal of any purpose to be a candidate." There is, however, but one passage which can be held to express any positive conclusion upon the subject. The reported remarks of General **GRANT** about the worthiness of others who have earned the honor, and his having had his share of it, and its distastefulness and hardship, etc., etc., are frequently heard from gentlemen who would still be very glad to get a nomination, and who would promptly accept it. We do not suppose that General **GRANT** uses the words in any such sense, and when he is reported as saying that he has had "all the honors that can or should be given to any citizen," he certainly does say that he ought not to accept the nomination.

If he has made that statement, as reported, the *Herald* is correct in assuming him to have declined absolutely. For how could he accept an honor which he has declared that no citizen ought to accept? The fact that he is told that his party wishes him to accept, and that they consider his acceptance indispensable to the salvation of the country, could not affect his conviction that such a proposition ought not to be made to him. Every party declares its success in an election to be indispensable to the national welfare. But any party which should actually assert any citizen whatever to be likewise indispensable, would have ceased to be American. General **GRANT** knew, of course, that his words would be carefully taken down and reported. Indeed, the remarks made by him, as reported, bear intrinsic evidence of being addressed to his countrymen quite as much as to Prince **KUNG**. There is evidently, however, great incredulity upon the subject. It is said that if it were generally believed that General **GRANT** had formally and finally declared, in whatever way, that he would not accept a third nomination, the country would hardly have received the news so quietly. Certainly the Republican press, in which his renomination has so many warm advocates, would not have treated the matter so coolly, and it is very probable, as stated, that his renomination will be pressed as strongly as ever.

Another distinguished gentleman—Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts—has recently been urgently solicited to consent to a renomination to the office which he has filled so well. But his nay is nay. There is no mistaking it. "Early in the year, after careful deliberation, I determined to withdraw from official station......The reasons......are imperative and conclusive. The action is final. My ambition does not reach out to a continuance of public honors, and I shall pass with fullness of content from the Chief Magistracy of this illustrious commonwealth to the walks of private life...... *Were it possible that one man's name could be absolutely essential to rally our people to the defense of the principles they hold most dear, it would be that man's duty to obey their call at any personal sacrifice. But such a thing is not possible in Massachusetts.*" The italics are ours; and what is true, in this sense, of Massachusetts, is equally true of the whole country. No man's nomination for the Presidency can be urged upon the ground that his incumbency is necessary to the peaceful operation of the government. Those Republicans who have always thought the renomination of General Grant to be very inexpedient will be glad to see his own opinion, as reported, that it would be something that he ought not to accept.

THE BOULOGNE EAGLE.

The American eagle has been always rather cool toward the eagle of France. Napoleon's contempt for the United States was so evident that while there was a French party among us sixty and seventy years ago, the sound American feeling, which is in a just sense conservative, did not enjoy seeing him overrun Europe with mere military power. It was reserved, as history has hitherto taught us, for Napoleon's nephew, the late Emperor, to make the Napoleonic eagle ridiculous by the aquiline melodrama at Boulogne in 1840. But thanks to the magazines, contemporary history is likely to be purged of many of its errors before it is too late. Sketches of notable events by contemporary witnesses and actors dispel many a historic mirage.

M. Joseph Orsi, the principal actor in the Boulogne expedition of Louis Napoleon, has written an account of the tame eagle which played a part that has always seemed supremely ridiculous and unworthy of the national bird so nearly related to our own. The facts are simply these: that Colonel Pasquin, one of the expedition, insisted, against the general opinion, upon landing at Gravesend to buy some cigars, and there found the eagle chained to a log upon the shore. Orsi and the Prince's servant accompanied him, and despite their advice, Pasquin bought the bird, and brought it on board the steamer. It was chained to the mainmast, and the next morning, when the expedition failed, was taken by the municipal authorities of Boulogne to the museum, whence it escaped the next morning. The Prince never heard of the eagle.

M. Orsi does not speak of the Strasburg eagle. But if Sancho Panza had solemnly set forth upon an expedition to take possession of the crown of Barataria, would not one of the gentlemen attached to his person have been sure to put ashore at some convenient point, and against the most earnest remonstrance, to buy cigars? Louis Napoleon's career, although he was innocent of this particular folly, always had an indelible stain of the ridiculous and of charlatanry, which made the story of the eagle probable.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

A son of Charles Dickens, bearing his father's name, has just edited the *Life of Charles James Mathews*, which is issued in a late number of the "Franklin Square Library." There are a great many letters and much autobiography in it, and the whole book is much like a novel of social adventure, and is a curious glimpse of certain aspects of life in England. The views of the domestic "interiors" of actors which we occasionally catch in biography are very melancholy. There are pictures of constant excitement and strain to please the careless, selfish public; of privation and factitious pleasure; of want of discipline and common-sense; and generally of a steadily increasing struggle to keep the wolf from the door, sometimes, indeed, and happily, with a pleasanter ending, as in this instance.

Young Mathews was a gay, clever, high-spirited youth, with a talent for mimicry and the stage, fond of enjoyment, and a general favorite. He studied architecture; and under pretense of pursuing his profession, he travelled upon the Continent as a kind of amusing attendant in the family of Lord Blessington, where he had a ridiculous quarrel with that last of the dandies, Count d'Orsay, who undertook to teach the young man his place. A correspondence under "the code of honor" followed, and a friend intervened, and the high belligerent parties were pacified. There were other journeys upon the Continent, and entertaining letters, and a long "lark" in Ireland, still under the plea of professional business; then an attempt to settle in London, varied with amateur playing, for which the talent of the young man was unquestionable. The death of his father, destitute and in debt, brought Mathews finally upon the stage, where he belonged. He married Madame Vestris, and all the ups and downs of the actor's life followed—"good business" and large profits; then "misfortunes," debts, arrest, and imprisonment in Lancaster Castle, bankruptcy, release; and then the same thing repeated. At length the actor learned wisdom, and confined himself to playing a certain kind of graceful, refined comedy, in which the delicate lightness of his humor was unique, and in which he was unrivalled. He was popular and prosperous, and when he was nearly seventy went to Australia, and came to America, playing at threescore and ten with the vivacity and sparkle of twenty-five. He died last year, at seventy-five, still in the harness or the motley.

"As when a well-graced actor leaves the stage," the charm still lingers, so the memoir of Mathews has the attraction which all such biographies have—an interest of gossip and social vicissitudes, and the somewhat painful interest of a life devoted to the amusement of others. A part of the sadness, of course, is the consciousness that such a life leaves nothing but a pleasant memory in a few minds, and soon nothing but a vague tradition and a name. Fechter died the other day. He had lost his prestige. It was doubtful, probably, whether he would fill a house. Yet Edmund Yates, the son of the partner of the elder Charles Mathews, says of him: "In his death the present generation has lost the finest romantic actor it has ever seen on the stage. What charming perfect grace, what tenderness, what passion, were his! How the world flocked to see him when he was among us!....I saw him last, took a final leave of him, in New York in 1873, prematurely aged, bloated, with all his spirits gone, and his temper soured." He had spoiled his own life, Yates says. Is it because actors are children only, and children always, that they make this impression, and that we shut the book of their story with an "Alas, poor Yorick"?

SCIENTIFIC FRONTIERS.

Just as Lord Beaconsfield at the Lord Mayor's dinner congratulates that distinguished magistrate and the people of England that the Empress of India has acquired a "scientific frontier" to her Indian possessions, the London *Spectator*, in the review of a book upon the Turks in India, says, crisply, "If we were to clear out of India to-morrow, bag and baggage, it is probable that not one European power, and Russia least of all, would think it worth its while to make any effort to succeed us." With its complete power over India, the British government can not make both ends meet in that country. This is a contemptuous commentary upon the British politics which consists mainly of apprehension of Russia, and which supposes that Russia means to follow the Tartars in their descent upon Hindostan.

Nations conquer either for security, for power and glory, or for profit. If Russia could obtain none of these by an Indian invasion, she is not likely to undertake it. The mere desire of extension, like that of a proprietor to acquire neighboring land, does not now influence governments, unless Lord Beaconsfield's be an exception. He has practically annexed Afghan territory, and the conduct of affairs in South Africa showed the same grasping spirit. The Prime Minister's speech at the Mansion-House was a self-congratulation upon the situation; but there is a signal difference between the dinner of this year and that of the last, when he had just returned from Berlin, and with his gartered leg trod a lofty measure of "peace with honor."

Englishmen must not interpret the emotion of amused incredulity which Lord Beaconsfield awakens in foreign breasts as a sign of ill feeling toward England. There is a general impression among foreigners that Lord Beaconsfield ought to have accepted Mr. Turnerelli's wreath, as in keeping with the style of his administration. This feeling is mingled with one of prolonged amazement that England should apparently delight in such a chief. His object was to make English power felt again in foreign politics. But whether he has done this or not, has he really increased the true prestige of the English name? Are Englishmen prouder of being Englishmen under the administration of Lord Beaconsfield than they were under that of Mr. Gladstone, for instance?

COPYRIGHT.

In the recent International Code Congress, Professor Leone Levi read a paper upon international copyright, in which he said that he did not charge the United States with any moral wrong upon the subject. The learned professor, indeed, could not have done so without including every other civilized nation. There is no country which acknowledges the complete and perpetual right of an author to the absolute control of the publication of his work, in the same way that it recognizes the right of a farmer to property in the potatoes that he raises. Copyright is everywhere the subject of statute law, and the purpose of the protection is not the sanctity of the author's right of property, but the public welfare.

Our own Constitution gives Congress power to make necessary laws "to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." Both Mr. Madison and Mr. Pinckney recognized the same principle by proposing to secure to literary authors their copyrights, or exclusive rights, for a limited time; and the Supreme Court holds that an author has no exclusive property in a published work except under some act of Congress. This is the tenure in every country, and the only moral wrong that could be alleged against us is in not offering to extend this limited protection of exclusive right to foreign authors. But this is not a moral offense. Under our system the whole subject is regulated not upon an abstract right, but upon considerations of the public welfare, and the state can not be accused of immorality because it decides that one limitation of domestic copyright rather than another will better promote that welfare. Upon the grounds on which it proceeds it might allot different terms of copyright to different kinds of works without exposing itself to any charge of moral delinquency.

The proposition to extend this protection to foreign authors must also proceed upon the ground of the public welfare, not upon that of private right. Those who hold to the perfect and perpetual right of absolute control of publication by the author need not dispute this, because they may reasonably argue that the public welfare can not be truly promoted by a deliberate and persistent disregard of private right. They may rightfully argue that such regard is publicly demoralizing, and from their own point of view contend that the foreign author should be included in the protection equally with the domestic. But those who take this view will also agree that half a loaf is better than none, and that if the absolute right is limited for the domestic author, it is something gained to give the foreign author the privilege even with the limitation. Yet the simple and reasonable proposition to secure to British authors in this country the same kind of right which the American author enjoys, although most gladly received by British authors, has encountered the truculent hostility of many British publishers. The London *Times* sneers because the interests of the British publishers have not been consulted. But the intelligent public opinion of both countries will undoubtedly support a proposition which aims to extend, under certain conditions, the protection of our copyright laws to foreign authors.

HEROISM AND VALETS.

A recent writer, discussing Rochefoucauld's maxim that we should be ashamed of our noblest actions if the world saw all the real motives of them, says that it is not cynical, because it merely affirms the existence of mingled motives, to which our modesty assigns as the chief that which may be the least of all. This is ingenious; but there is another proverb which seems to sustain the apparent incredulity of Rochefoucauld's. "No man is a hero to his valet" implies, among other things, that heroism is very much an appearance, as Thackeray's picture of Louis the Fourteenth, before and after dressing, signified that royalty is chiefly in the clothes. This proverb of the valet is interpreted by Carlyle to mean that a valet can not comprehend a hero, as to a man without an ear for music even Allegri's "Miserere" or Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" would be an unmeaning noise.

There is, however, a more positive and literal explanation of it which is sometimes urged, and even believed, that heroism is mainly humbug. This feeling is often merely the reaction from pretense, as when Dr. Johnson defined patriotism to be the last refuge of a scoundrel. He had seen what he believed to be good-for-nothing rascals winning great praise and wielding great influence by affecting certain political views, and when he said that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel, he meant merely that Wilkes was a rascal. We see in our day a similar impatience of the word reform. It exasperates some persons as a red rag is supposed to infuriate a bull. It is enough that a man is called a reformer, or that he advocates reform, to draw upon him the scornful wrath of such irritable natures. Yet this irritation is often due to an uneasy conscience. A man who sacrifices his sense of duty to his ambition, of whom it may be truly said, as of Browning's "Lost Leader,"

> "Just for a handful of silver he left us,
> Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat,"

will revenge his own conscious treachery to progress by sneering at the extravagancies and follies of reformers as if they were the whole of reform.

The proverb about heroism and the valet is a sneer of the same kind. But it is so far from true that even mere prestige, where there is no real heroism, makes a man heroic to his valet, while nobody supposes that Winkelried, or Philip Sidney, or Nathan Hale were not as truly heroic to their most intimate friends as they are to us. There are many kinds of heroism, but it is not only true that few men are so poor in experience as not to have known a hero, but the consciousness of many men must assure them that great actions which they have performed sprang from great motives. There may have been some consciousness, also, that such deeds would be praised, but that was in no sense the motive, and Rochefoucauld's maxim and the proverb of the valet are not sound, unless it be held that the gratification of conscience gives pleasure, and is therefore a mean and selfish enjoyment.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Ivon Keith Falconer, a popular Dissenting preacher in London, is a famous bicyclist, and on Sunday mornings rides to church on that vehicle, accompanied by a crowd of friends, also on bicycles. On arriving at the church door, each rider takes his instrument into the vestry, and gives it a rest until the services are concluded, when they all roll themselves home again.

—Prince Pierre Bonaparte, a nephew of the first Napoleon, is said to be living in abject penury at Versailles. For some time past he has been supported by the charity of a few friends, who have at last failed him. He is the first of his name who has lived upon alms.

—Sir Stafford Northcote, though not an oratorical person, is said to be one of the best of leaders of the House of Commons. His temper is always under control, he possesses great stores of information and patience, and has considerable humor. He has accomplished by his "staying" power more than most leaders have accomplished by stinging retorts or Parliamentary buncombe.

—The following are the candidates for State officers nominated by the Republican Convention at Saratoga: For Governor, Alonzo B. Cornell, of New York County; for Lieutenant-Governor, George G. Hoskins, of Wyoming County; for Comptroller, James W. Wadsworth, of Livingston County; for Secretary of State, Joseph B. Carr, of Rensselaer County; for State Treasurer, Nathan D. Wendell, of Albany County; for Attorney-General, Hamilton Ward, of Allegany County; for State Engineer and Surveyor, Howard Soule, of Onondaga County.

—One of the latest improvements at Coney Island, the Brighton Beach Fair Grounds, was constructed under the superintendence of Mr. A. Gale McComb, assisted by his brother Mr. John McComb. The grounds, which have attracted thousands of people every day since their completion, are a model of engineering skill.

—Mr. William Spottiswoode, who occupies the honorable position of "Queen's Printer," is of the third generation of Spottiswoodes who have held that place. He is not only a man of business and a man of the world, but possesses fine scientific acquirements, is a lover of art, and has a fondness for the theatre. He is also President of the Royal Society, and takes special delight in the meetings of the X Club—a little society of nine persons, which holds its meetings at the St. George's Hotel. The members are Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professors Tyndall, Frankland, Huxley, Busk, and Hurst, and Mr. William Spottiswoode. The summons to the orgies of this sublime society is in itself a curiosity, an object of fear and aversion to the vulgar, displaying merely the letter X linked to the date of meeting by the sign of equality, thus: "X=9." On a few rare occasions the wives of the festive X's are permitted to join in their revels, and the card is then marked: "X+YVS=9." Professor Huxley and Mr. Spottiswoode are said to be the life and soul of these hilarious meetings, the only member who approaches them in vivacity being Mr. Herbert Spencer.

—Mr. William Barber, chief engraver of the United States Mint, at Philadelphia, died a few days since, aged seventy-two. He engraved the Grant, Johnson, Professor Henry, and other medals.

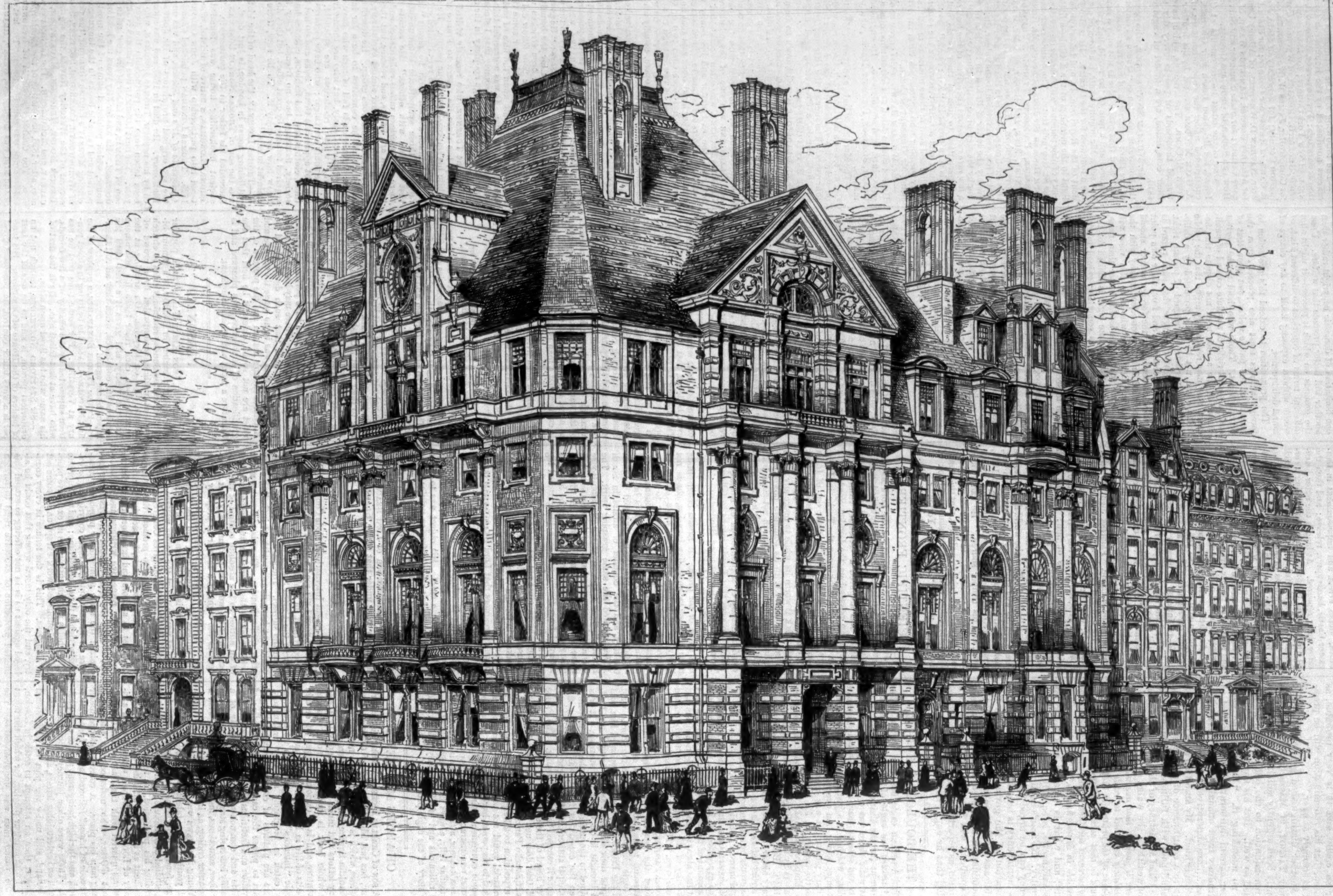
—The Marquis of Bute, a convert of Monsignor Capel's, and a millionaire, has been married seven years, has no son, but has a daughter aged four years. The heir to the title and estates is his first cousin, a Protestant, aged fifty-five. Lord Bute is thirty-two.

—Mr. Gladstone is well known to be a frequent play-goer. Not long since he went to the Haymarket to see Miss Neilson as Juliet. He was recognized by the audience, who greeted him with cheers, and so much is he esteemed, even by his political opponents, that no counter-demonstration was mingled with the cheers. Mr. Gladstone was one of the admirers of Charles Fechter, who often breakfasted with him, and the ex-Premier and his family were constant visitors at his theatre. Lord Beaconsfield, on the other hand, once said that he had been at a theatre not more than two or three times in his life, that he saw enough of acting off the stage. When young, however, he was a constant attendant at the opera, usually accompanying Lady Blessington.

—Mark Twain is "again upon his native heath, and his name is McClemens." He landed in the sunniest possible mood, and with seventeen trunks and twenty-two packages, undutiable. The interviewer corralled him the moment the steamer landed. Among his fellow-passengers on the *Gallia* was Lord Dunraven, who has come again on a voyage of slaughter to the wild animals of Canada. Lord D. says: "He gave us an entertainment last night for the benefit of one of the sailors who had been stricken with apoplexy while aloft. The poor fellow did not fall, but he is probably disabled for some time, and Mr. Clemens hit upon the idea of making up a purse for him. It was a graceful thing to do, and resulted so handsomely that I sincerely hope it will not encourage apoplexy in the merchant service."

—Count Turenne, who recently visited this country, has since his return to France made public his impressions of our people. He says that society exists here to a very limited extent. By that much-abused term he means "those rapports, those sympathetic communications, that one has with others." He admits that there are American minds enlightened and cultivated in art, letters, and science, but they associate with each other almost exclusively, in a by no means numerous group. He describes as follows what he conceives to be a far larger class: "America is full of men who have succeeded marvellously, but who are themselves a failure; whose residences are splendid, but whose souls are vulgar; who have pictures and can not appreciate them, books and do not read them, clothes and bad fashions, clientes but no society, flatterers but no friends. They have acquired fortune by great effort, but they do not know how to enjoy it. To be sure, there are eminent minds."

—Thomas Longman, the head of the historic publishing house in London, is just dead. He was the son of Thomas Norton Longman, and succeeded his father in the partnership. This ancient bookselling house was founded by Thomas Longman, a native of Bristol, who entered into partnership with John Osborn in 1725. Thomas Longman published *Chambers's Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences*, and was one of the six original proprietors of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. He died in 1755, and was succeeded by his nephew, Thomas Longman, who had been taken into the partnership the previous year. The next Longman was Thomas Norton, son of Thomas, and father of the gentleman just deceased. He was for fifty years the head of the house, which published some of the most important and valuable books in the language, including Murray's English Grammar, the poems of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, several of the Waverley Novels, the works of Thomas Moore, Herschel, Mackintosh, Macaulay, and McCulloch. The Longmans were also, after 1826, proprietors of the *Edinburgh Review*. The *Cabinet Cyclopædia* of Lardner, in 133 volumes, was issued by them. The last style of the firm was Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer.



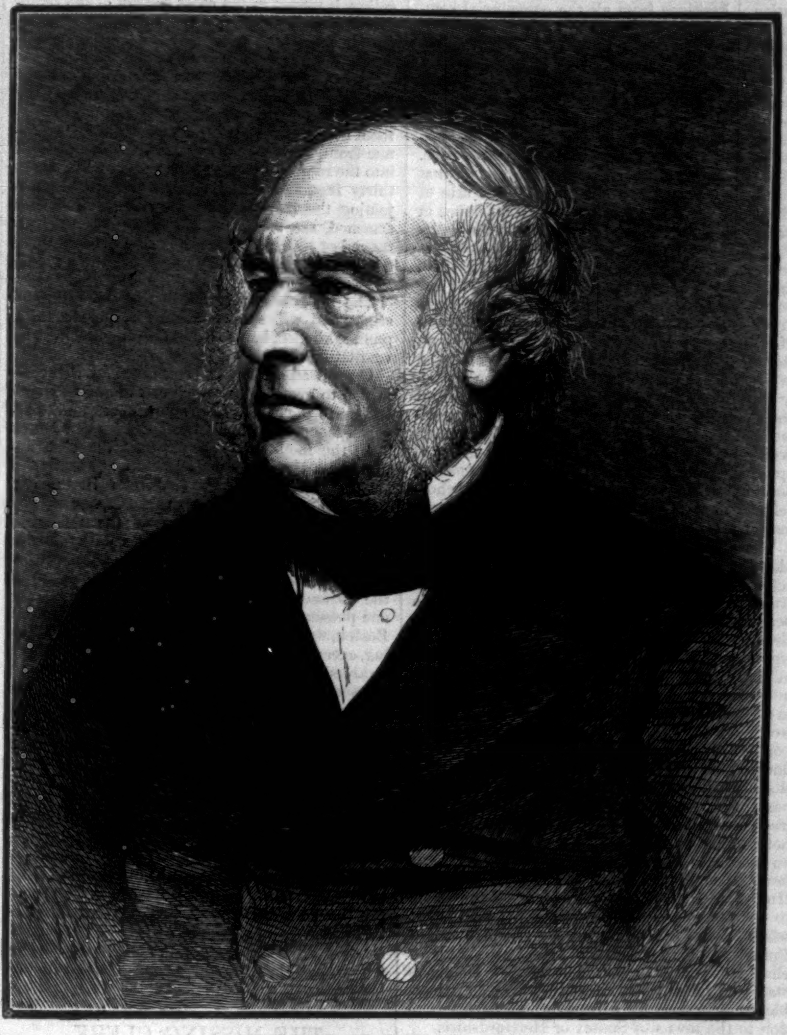
THE NEW UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS.—[SEE PAGE 746.]

THE LATE SIR ROWLAND HILL.

Sir Rowland Hill, to whom the civilized world is indebted for a cheap and uniform postal system, died August 27, at his residence in Hampstead, England, at the age of eighty-four. The importance of his public services can hardly be overestimated. His name will always be associated with the beneficent reform which he was instrumental in bringing about, in the face of great political opposition, and in spite of almost universal ridicule.

We copy from Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, recently published by Harper & Brothers, the following graphic and highly interesting account of Sir Rowland Hill and the great work which he accomplished:

On July 5, 1839, an unusually late period of the year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his annual budget. The most important part of the financial statement, so far as later times are concerned, is set out in a resolution proposed by the finance minister, which perhaps represents the greatest social improvement brought about by legislation in modern times. The Chancellor proposed a resolution declaring that "it is expedient to reduce the postage on letters to one uniform rate of one penny charged upon every letter of a weight to be hereafter fixed by law, Parliamentary privileges of franking being abolished, and official franking strictly regulated, this House pledging itself at the same time to make good any deficiency of revenue which may be occasioned by such an alteration in the rates of the existing duties." Up to this time the rates of postage had been both high and various. They were varying both as to distance and as to the weight, and even the size or the shape of a letter. The district or London post was a separate branch of the postal department; and the charge for the transmission of letters was made on a different scale in London from that which prevailed between town and town. The average postage on every chargeable letter throughout the United Kingdom was sixpence farthing. A letter from London to Brighton cost eightpence; to Aberdeen, one shilling and threepence halfpenny; to Belfast, one shilling and fourpence. Nor was this all; for if the letter were written on more than one sheet of paper, it came under the operation of a higher scale of charge. Members of Parliament had the privilege of franking letters to a certain limited extent; members of the government had the privilege of franking to an unlimited extent. It is perhaps as well to mention, for the sake of being intelligible to all readers in an age which has not, in this country at least, known practically the beauty and liberality of the franking privilege, that it consisted in the right of the privileged person to send his own or any other person's letters through the post free of charge by merely writing his name on the outside. This meant, in plain words, that the letters of the class who could best afford to pay for them went free of charge, and that those who could least afford to pay had to pay double—the expense, that is to say, of carrying their own letters and the letters of the privileged and exempt.

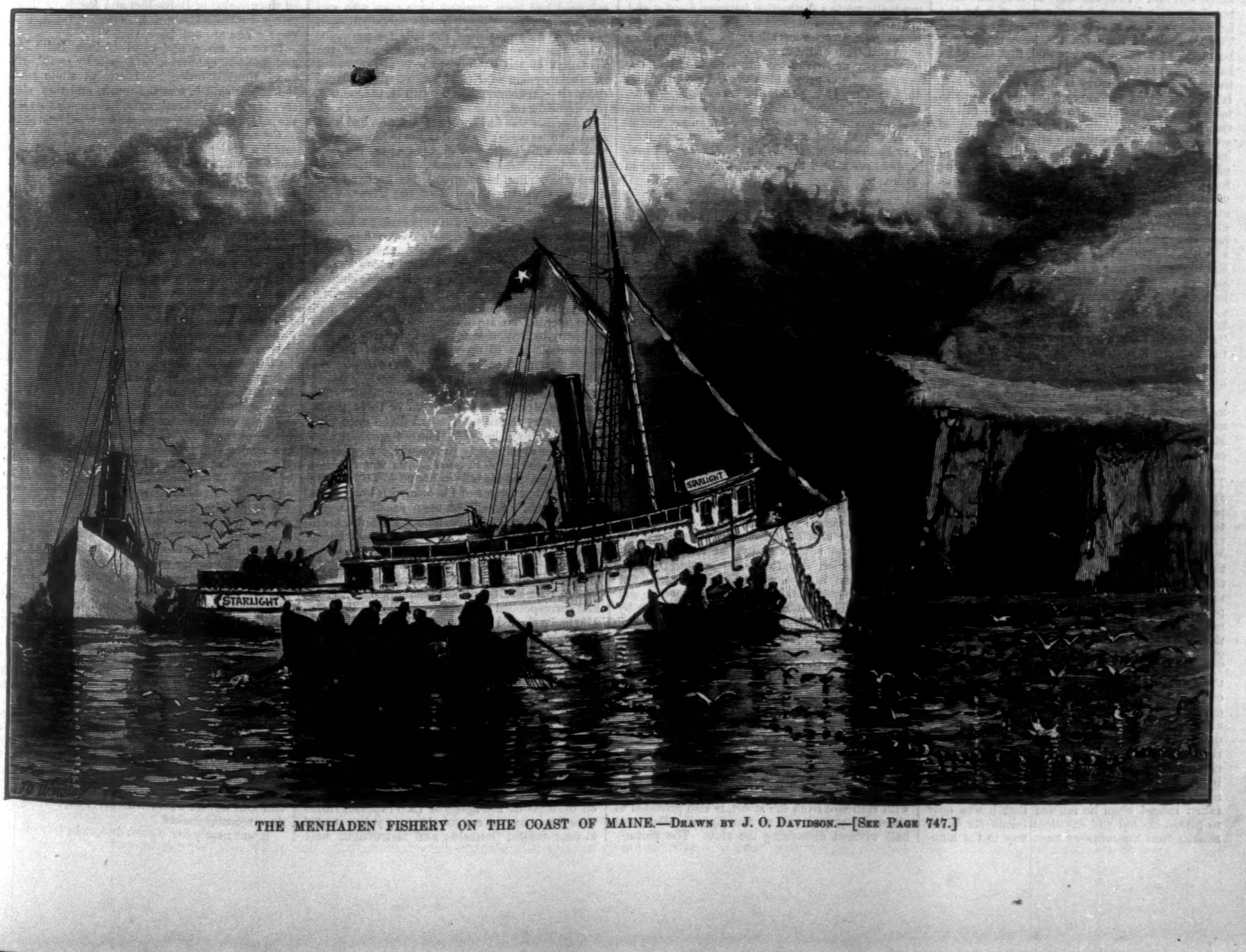


THE LATE SIR ROWLAND HILL.

The greatest grievances were felt everywhere because of this absurd system. It had along with its other disadvantages that of encouraging what may be called the smuggling of letters. Everywhere sprang up organizations for the illicit conveyance of correspondence at lower rates than those imposed by the government. The proprietors of almost every kind of public conveyance are said to have been engaged in this unlawful but certainly not very unnatural or unjustifiable traffic. Five-sixths of all the letters sent between Manchester and London were said to have been conveyed for years by this process. One great mercantile house was proved to have been in the habit of sending sixty-seven letters by what we may call this under-ground post-office for every one on which they paid the government charges. It was not merely to escape heavy cost that these stratagems were employed. As there was an additional charge when a letter was written on more sheets than one, there was a frequent and almost a constant tampering by officials with the sanctity of sealed letters, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not they ought to be taxed on the higher scale. It was proved that in the years between 1815 and 1835, while the population had increased thirty per cent., and the stage-coach duty had increased one hundred and twenty-eight per cent., the Post-office revenues had shown no increase at all. In other countries the postal revenue had been on the increase steadily during that time; in the United States the revenue had actually trebled, although then and later the postal system of America was full of faults, which at that day only seemed intelligible or excusable when placed in comparison with those of our own system.

Mr. (afterward Sir Rowland) Hill is the man to whom this country, and indeed all civilization, owes the adoption of the cheap and uniform system. His plan has been adopted by every state which professes to have a postal system at all. Mr. Hill belonged to a remarkable family. His father, Thomas Wright Hill, was a teacher, a man of advanced and practical views in popular education, a devoted lover of science, an advocate of civil and religious liberty, and a sort of celebrity in the Birmingham of his day, where he took a bold and active part in trying to defend the house of Dr. Priestley against the mob who attacked it. He had five sons, every one of whom made himself more or less conspicuous as a practical reformer in one path or another. The eldest of the sons was Matthew Davenport Hill, the philanthropic Recorder of Birmingham, who did so much for prison reform and for the reclamation of juvenile offenders. The third son was Rowland Hill, the author of the cheap postal system. Rowland Hill, when a little weakly child, began to show some such precocious love for arithmetical calculations as Pascal showed for mathematics. His favorite amusement as a child was to lie on the hearth-rug and count up figures by the hour together. As he grew up he became teacher of mathematics in his father's school. Afterward he was appointed secretary to the South Australian Commission, and rendered much valuable service in the organization of the colony of South Australia. His early love of masses of figures it may have been which in the first instance turned his attention to the number of letters passing through the Post-office, the proportion they bore to the number of the population, the cost of carrying them, and the amount which the Post-office authorities charged for the conveyance of a single letter. A picturesque and touching little illustration of the veritable hardships of the existing system seems to have quickened his interest in a reform of it. Miss Martineau thus tells the story:

"Coleridge, when a young man, was walking through the Lake district, when he one day saw the postman deliver a letter to a woman at a cottage door. The woman turned it over and examined it, and then returned it, saying she could not pay the postage, which was a shilling. Hearing that the letter was from her brother, Coleridge paid the postage, in spite of the manifest unwillingness of the woman. As soon as the postman was out of sight, she showed Coleridge how his money had been wasted, as far as she was concerned. The sheet was blank. There was an



THE MENHADEN FISHERY ON THE COAST OF MAINE.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 747.]

agreement between her brother and herself that as long as all went well with him he should send a blank sheet in this way once a quarter; and she thus had tidings of him without expense of postage. Most persons would have remembered this incident as a curious story to tell; but there was one mind which wakened up at once to a sense of the significance of the fact. It struck Mr. Rowland Hill that there must be something wrong in a system which drove a brother and sister to cheating in order to gratify their desire to hear of one another's welfare."

Mr. Hill gradually worked out for himself a comprehensive scheme of reform. He put it before the world early in 1837. The public were taken by surprise when the plan came before them in the shape of a pamphlet, which its author modestly entitled, "Post-office Reform: its Importance and Practicability." The root of Mr. Hill's system lay in the fact, made evident by him beyond dispute, that the actual cost of the conveyance of letters through the post was very trifling, and was but little increased by the distance over which they had to be carried.

His proposal was, therefore, that the rates of postage should be diminished to the minimum, that at the same time the speed of conveyance should be increased, and that there should be much greater frequency of dispatch. His principle was, in fact, the very opposite of that which had prevailed in the calculations of the authorities. Their idea was that the higher the charge for letters, the greater the return to the revenue. He started on the assumption that the smaller the charge, the greater the profit. He therefore recommended the substitution of one uniform charge of one penny the half ounce, without reference to the distance within the limits of the United Kingdom which the letter had to be carried. The Post-office authorities were at first uncompromising in their opposition to the scheme. The Postmaster-General, Lord Lichfield, said, in the House of Lords, that of all the wild and extravagant schemes he had ever heard of, it was the wildest and most extravagant. "The mails," he said, "will have to carry twelve times as much weight, and therefore the charge for transmission, instead of £100,000, as now, must be twelve times that amount. The walls of the Post-office would burst; the whole area in which the building stands would not be large enough to receive the clerks and the letters." It is impossible not to be struck by the paradoxical peculiarity of this argument. Because the change would be so much welcomed by the public, Lord Lichfield argued that it ought not to be made. He did not fall back upon the then familiar assertion that the public would not send anything like the number of letters the advocates of the scheme expected. He argued that they would send so many as to make it troublesome for the Post-office authorities to deal with them. In plain words, it would be such an immense accommodation to the population in general, that the officials could not undertake the trouble of carrying it into effect. Another Post-office official, Colonel Maberley, was at all events more liberal. "My constant language," he said afterward, "to the heads of the departments was: This plan we know will fail. It is our duty to take care that no obstruction is placed in the way of it by the heads of the department and by the Post-office. The allegation, I have not the least doubt, will be made at a subsequent period, that this plan has failed in consequence of the unwillingness of the government to carry it into fair execution. It is our duty as servants of the government to take care that no blame eventually shall fall on the government through any unwillingness of ours to carry it into proper effect." It is, perhaps, less surprising that the routine mind of officials should have seen no future but failure for the scheme, when so vigorous and untrammelled a thinker as Sydney Smith spoke with anger and contempt of the fact that "a million of revenue is given up in the nonsensical penny-post scheme to please my old, excellent, and universally dissentient friend Noah Warburton." Mr. Warburton was then member for Bridport, and with Mr. Wallace, another member of Parliament, was very active in supporting and promoting the views of Mr. Hill. "I admire the Whig ministry," Sydney Smith went on to say, "and think they have done more good things than all the ministries since the Revolution, but these concessions are sad and unworthy marks of weakness, and fill reasonable men with alarm."

It will be seen from this remark alone that the ministry had yielded somewhat more readily than might have been expected to the arguments of Mr. Hill. At the time his pamphlet appeared, a commission was actually engaged in inquiring into the condition of the Post-office Department. Their attention was drawn to Mr. Hill's plan, and they gave it a careful consideration, and reported in its favor, although the Post-office authorities were convinced that it must involve an unbearable loss of revenue. In Parliament Mr. Wallace, whose name has been already mentioned, moved for a committee to inquire into the whole subject, and especially to examine the mode recommended for charging and collecting postage in the pamphlet of Mr. Hill. The committee gave the subject a very patient consideration, and at length made a report recommending uniform charges and prepayment by stamps. That part of Mr. Hill's plan which suggested the use of postage-stamps was adopted by him on the advice of Mr. Charles Knight. The government took up the scheme with some spirit and liberality. The revenue that year showed a deficiency, but they determined to run the further risk which the proposal involved. The commercial community had naturally been stirred greatly by the project which promised so much relief and advantage. Sydney Smith was very much mistaken indeed when he fancied that it was only to please his old and excellent friend Mr. Warburton that the ministry gave way to the innovation. Petitions from all the commercial communities were pouring in to support the plan, and to ask that at least it should have a fair trial. The government at length determined to bring in a bill which should provide for the almost immediate introduction of Mr. Hill's scheme, and for the abolition of the franking system, except in the case of official letters actually sent on business directly belonging to her Majesty's service. The bill declared, as an introductory step, that the charge for postage should be at the rate of fourpence for each letter under half an ounce in weight, irrespective of distance, within the limits of the United Kingdom. This, however, was to be only a beginning; for on January 10, 1840, the postage was fixed at the uniform rate of one penny per letter of not more than half an ounce in weight. The introductory measure was not, of course, carried without opposition in both Houses of Parliament. The Duke of Wellington in his characteristic way declared that he strongly objected to the scheme, but as the government had evidently set their hearts upon it, he recommended the House of Lords not to offer any opposition to it. In the House of Commons it was opposed by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Goulburn, both of whom strongly condemned the whole scheme as likely to involve the country in vast loss of revenue.

The measure, however, passed into law. Some idea of the effect it has produced upon the postal correspondence of the country may be gathered from the fact that in 1839, the last year of the heavy postage, the number of letters delivered in Great Britain and Ireland was a little more than eighty-two millions, which included some five millions and a half of franked letters returning nothing to the revenues of the country; whereas in 1875 more than a thousand millions of letters were delivered in the United Kingdom. The population during the same time had not nearly doubled itself. It has already been remarked that the principle of Sir Rowland Hill's reform has since been put into operation in every civilized country in the world. It may be added that before long we shall in all human probability see an interoceanic postage established at a rate as low as people sometimes thought Sir Rowland Hill a madman for recommending as applicable to our inland post. The time is not far distant when a letter will be carried from London to San Francisco, or to Tokio in Japan, at a rate of charge as small as that which made financiers stare and laugh when it was suggested as profitable remuneration for carrying a letter from London to the towns of Sussex or Hertfordshire.

The penny-post, let it be said, is an older institution than that which Sir Rowland Hill introduced. A penny-post for the conveyance of letters had been set up in London so long ago as 1683, and it was adopted or annexed by the government some years after. An effort was even made to set up a halfpenny-post in London, in opposition to the official penny-post, in 1708, but the government soon crushed this vexatious and intrusive rival. In 1738 Dr. Johnson writes to Mr. Cave "to entreat that you will be pleased to inform me by the penny-post whether you resolve to print the poem." After a while the government changed their penny-post to a twopenny-post, and gradually made a distinction between district and other postal systems, and contrived to swell the price for deliveries of all kinds. Long before even this time of the penny-post the old records of the city of Bristol contain an account of the payment of one penny for the carriage of letters to London. It need hardly be explained, however, that a penny in that time, or even in 1683, was a payment of very different value indeed from the modest sum which Sir Rowland Hill was successful in establishing. The ancient penny-post resembled the modern penny-post only in name.

A MAGNIFICENT CLUB-HOUSE.

The new Union League Club house now building on Murray Hill, at the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, occupies a very commanding position, and will be, when finished, one of the most complete and costly clubhouses in the world. A view of the building, engraved from the architect's drawings, will be found on page 744.

The size of the lot is 84 feet on Fifth Avenue and 152 feet on Thirty-ninth Street. The street fronts are to be of Philadelphia brick, laid in red mortar, with heavy brown-stone trimmings and moulded brick. Its lofty roof will be covered with heavy red slate, thus imparting to the building a warm reddish color, which will also be enriched with a good deal of carving in the brickwork. The design is in general classical, but with details very freely treated.

A group of four large stone columns, reaching through the second and third stories, marks the entrance, which is placed on Thirty-ninth Street.

On either side of the members' entrance are arranged the reception-room and the superintendent's office, also two large passenger elevators. There is also a service elevator placed within a service stairway for the kitchen and laundry. The rest of this floor is taken up by the reading-room, billiard-room, café, coat-room, and lavatory. Opposite the main entrance rises the grand stairway, its landing being enlarged by a bay-window, to be filled with stained glass.

On the second floor the large library occupies the Fifth Avenue front, the ceiling of which is formed by groined vaults suited to a rich decoration. The picture-gallery, the large audience-hall, with several conversation-rooms, are on the same floor with the library, and thus grouped they form a fine and lofty suite of rooms. Adjoining the large hall are several dressing-rooms, served by separate stairs, and a separate entrance, with staircase from the street, is also provided to allow the public to visit the picture-gallery and hall without disturbing the club. The picture-gallery is placed in the cross section of the building, and lighted from above. This large opening affords abundant opportunity for light and ventilation to the interior portion of the building.

The third floor and the rear portions of the fourth and fifth floors are arranged in chambers for the use of the members. The grand dining-room occupies the fourth story on the Fifth Avenue front, and extends up with open timber-work into the roof, the height to the ceiling being about thirty feet, and suited to rich decoration. Adjoining the large dining-hall, with service-rooms attached, are smaller ones of varying size, arranged *en suite*, for private dinners. Above these dining-rooms, and of easy access, are the kitchen, store-rooms, pantries, laundry, etc.

The boiler-room is under the sidewalk and street, and will supply steam for the elevators, pumps, kitchen, laundry, and also for heating and ventilating the house.

Careful attention has been given by the committee to every detail which can in any way contribute to the comfort of the members, and to secure economy in administration.

In the month of February last the club authorized a committee of its members, viz., Salem H. Wales, John H. Hall, Joseph H. Choate, Daniel F. Appleton, Charles F. Chandler, and Fletcher Harper, chairman of the Executive Committee of the club, to select a design, which was competed for by nine architects, named by the committee. After a careful examination of the various designs which were submitted, the one presented by Messrs. Peabody & Stearns, of Boston, was selected. The contract for the building, excepting the heating and plumbing, has been awarded to Norcross Brothers, of Worcester, Massachusetts, who built the Trinity Church in Boston, the Cheney Block and Phenix Insurance Buildings at Hartford, Connecticut, the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard College, and other large works about the country.

The Union League Club was organized in 1863 for patriotic purposes. It has probably been the most prosperous large club in the country. The membership, now limited to 1000 resident and 500 non-resident members, is full, and the names of 150 applicants are up for membership, who can not be elected until vacancies occur. The funds for the completion and equipment of the new building have been accumulated from the surplus receipts of the club since 1867, and are held by trustees, subject to the order of the Building Committee.

THE MISSING CLERK.

Early in the morning of November 21, 1842, one Boissellier, clerk in the Bank of Orleans, went forth to collect the amounts due upon certain accepted bills of exchange, of the value in all of eight thousand three hundred and ten francs. Hours passed, night came, and Boissellier had not returned; anxiety and then alarm prevailed on his account. What had become of him? He was of excellent character; his integrity was unquestioned; his books were in good order.

Inquiry was instituted. It was discovered that the moneys the missing clerk should have collected had been received by a man who was certainly not Boissellier, but who, nevertheless, in his stead, duly presented the bills for payment. Who was this man? The suspicions of the managers of the bank were naturally aroused. On the morning of November 22 they placed themselves in communication with M. Chavannes, procureur du roi.

Boissellier was forty years of age; he had been married nine years; he lived in the banking-house with his wife. She was questioned on the subject of his mysterious absence. Her distress was very great. She had not seen her husband, she averred, since the morning of the 21st. Very early, while he was still in bed, a message had been brought to him by a man wearing a blouse. Some one desired particularly to see him. He left the house, and was absent about half an hour. On his return he did not mention where he had been nor whom he had seen. He said, simply, "Notre affaire est bonne." She knew that he had contemplated leaving the bank, and had been seeking an appointment in an insurance company by way of improving his position. She understood him to refer to his hopes of this appointment when he said, "Notre affaire est bonne." She believed that one Montely, a friend of his, had promised him the appointment. She had seen Montely, but only two or three times, and not very recently. He had dined once with her husband and herself. She did not think that Boissellier owed money to Montely. M. Boissellier appeared to be in good spirits when he left her. He carried his bills in his pocket-book. He had some few francs of his own with him, and a silver watch. She lived upon excellent terms with her husband. A man named Frimault, keeping a coffee-house in Orleans, was also a friend of M. Boissellier's.

It was thought well that Montely should be looked for by the police, especially when it appeared that Madame Boissellier's description of him corresponded with the description of the man who had collected the money in Boissellier's place. Evidence was forth-coming, also, to the effect that Montely had been seen in Orleans in the company of Boissellier on the morning of the 21st, and that later in the day he had left Orleans hurriedly in a hired carriage for Artenay, whence he had journeyed in a second carriage to Tours, with a view, it was supposed, of proceeding by diligence to Paris. A warrant for his arrest was forthwith issued. Frimault had been interrogated, and produced a letter, dated fifteen days back, and furnishing Montely's address at St. Germain-en-Laye, where, it appeared, he carried on business as the agent of La Française Insurance Company. A commissioner of police started at once for St. Germain; and instructions were given for the gendarmerie to lose no time in tracing the traveller who had left Orleans for Artenay, and Artenay (presumably) for Paris.

Gradually the story of Montely's career came into the possession of the police.

Montely had served in the army; Boissellier and Frimault had been his fellow-soldiers in Africa. He quitted the service a sergeant in 1839, and for some while lived with his father at Bordeaux, working in a porcelain factory. He afterward married, and set up a grocer's shop in a small way at Noranfonte, Pas-de-Calais. He did not prosper, however, and soon resumed his former occupation in a porcelain factory at Ile-Adam. About this time he was suspected of the crime of forgery, but was not proceeded against, probably from insufficiency of evidence. In 1839 he visited Orleans, to rejoin for a while his old comrades Boissellier and Frimault. In 1842 he quitted Ile-Adam, leaving his rent unpaid, and re-appeared at Bordeaux. Having become a widower, he married again at Bordeaux, January 1, 1842; and in the following April, being out of work, with his wife and the child of his first marriage he proceeded to Orleans, remaining there three weeks looking out for employment. The while he had lived upon intimate terms with Frimault, and also, though perhaps in a less degree, with Boissellier. He was not seen at the bank, but he occasionally accompanied Boissellier upon his rounds when bills were due and payable.

Late in October Montely obtained his situation as agent of the insurance company. He was by this time in pecuniary straits. He owed considerable sums, and had even been driven to pawn his clothes. He was in Orleans on November 2, and for some days afterward. On November 19 he left Paris for Orleans, arriving there at six o'clock in the evening. He had with him a small portmanteau, which he had borrowed in St. Germain, and a hat-box. He took his place in the coach under the name of Moreau. Barignan, the driver of the Orleans diligence, when confronted with Montely, a month afterward, identified him as the passenger Moreau. "I particularly noticed him," said Barignan, "because I heard him telling a fellow-passenger that the night before, in the Rue du Bouloi, a man had cut another's throat with a razor. I never converse with my passengers, but I could not help saying on this occasion that it was impossible—the murderer would have been interrupted. Whereupon Montely said, 'I saw it myself.'" No such crime had been committed, however. It was judged that Montely was simply preoccupied with his intention to murder Boissellier.

Arrived at Orleans, Montely passed the night at the Hôtel de France. At six o'clock on the following morning he quitted the hotel, saying that he might possibly return at night, but he was not sure. Taking with him his portmanteau and hat-box, he presented himself at the Hôtel de l'Europe. It was observed afterward that the Hôtel de France was very full. At the Hôtel de l'Europe there were but three or four lodgers. Room Number Two was given him. He sent a message by one Lanvray, a lamp-lighter, to Boissellier, expressing a wish to see him. Meantime Montely waited at the corner of the Rue Meslée. It was now half past seven. Lanvray witnessed the meeting of Boissellier and Montely. Boissellier expressed surprise, saying, "What, is it you? You are still here, then?"

Between seven and eight o'clock Boissellier and Montely entered a café kept by one Cointepas. Montely ordered a bottle of white wine. Boissellier said it was too much, and they were served with a half bottle only. Presently they left the café. Boissellier was not afterward seen alive.

Between eight and nine, Montely, alone, entered a cutler's shop, and purchased a dozen table-knives. He then asked for a carving knife. The cutler declined to sell a carving knife without a carving fork; so Montely bought both knife and fork, saying, "Make haste, I am keeping a coach waiting." The cutler was certain that this was before nine o'clock: he had not yet breakfasted. He was certain about the day: it was the day before he heard of the murder of Boissellier. A woman present in the shop when Montely made his purchase confirmed the cutler's statement as to the time. As she left the shop she saw the workmen in the streets going to breakfast.

Joseph Dupont, driver of a hired carriage, had driven Montely to the various persons from whom he had received the money for the bills Boissellier should have presented. Montely had manifested great impatience. It was noticed that upon some of the bills there were stains of blood. Montely explained that he had accidentally cut his right thumb. With his left hand he took up the money tendered him, and did not count it. He afterward purchased a trunk, asking for one of extra size—"large enough," as he said, "to sleep in." At another shop he bought some canvas or packing cloth; and he conveyed his purchases to his apartment at the Hôtel de l'Europe. Toward mid-day he obtained the assistance of the porter of the hotel to carry the trunk down stairs again. The porter was not required to enter the room; the trunk stood close to the door. He remarked upon the excessive weight of the trunk. M. Bénard, proprietor of the hotel, observed, jocosely, that the portmanteau of the morning had grown into a trunk. Montely explained that he had been buying calicoes. The trunk, by his direction, was taken to the office of the Messageries Générales for carriage to Toulouse. He booked a place in the name of Morel in the diligence starting for Toulouse on the morrow.

At one o'clock he breakfasted in the dining-room of the hotel. He seemed agitated, and at his request his wounded hand was bandaged by M. Bénard, but without any exposure of the wound. Soon afterward he disappeared from the Hôtel de l'Europe. He carried away with him the key of room Number Two, leaving the door securely locked.

It was nearly five o'clock before he left Orleans for Artenay; meanwhile, expressing much impatience, he had remained in a café near the Port Madeleine, kept by one Deshayes; he there threw away his key. It was afterward discovered amid some rubbish in the yard at the back of the house. He was traced to Tours, which town he quitted forthwith in a post-chaise, arriving in Paris at four o'clock in the morning of November 22. At half past seven he changed for gold certain bills of the Bank of Orleans, at a money-changer's in the Place de Bourse. About mid-day he re-appeared in St. Germain, and restored the portmanteau he had borrowed. He redeemed certain of the articles he had pawned in the previous month, and paid a debt of some eight hundred francs. He went to a barber's and had his upper lip closely shaven, professing that he had burned his mustache in lighting his pipe. And he took to the cleaner's a pair of trousers which were afterward found to be stained with blood. At seven o'clock in the morning of November 23 Montely was arrested in his bed, and charged with the murder of the missing clerk, Boissellier, on the 21st.

The police had proceeded with great energy. Little time had elapsed between the discovery of the crime and the capture of the criminal. It was only on the morning of the 22d that suspicion was excited as to the commission of a murder in the Hôtel de l'Europe. Some spots of blood were perceived in the corridor close to the door of room Number Two. Montely was missing, with the key. Madame Bénard thrust a long unlighted match underneath the door; upon withdrawing the match she was horrified to find it soiled with blood. A locksmith was sent for, and the lock picked, the procureur du roi being in attendance. At the first glance the room appeared to be in perfect order; but closer inspection revealed splashes and stains of blood upon the white window-curtains, the towels, the wall-paper, the floor. Effort had clearly been made to wash away certain of these traces of crime, and to give the room an orderly appearance. A portion of the floor had been recently scoured, and the curtains were so folded as to conceal their soils. Other dreadful evidences were soon discovered: a sponge soaked with blood in a cupboard by the fire-place, a carefully corded bundle of blood-stained rags thrust beneath the mattress of the bed, and a travelling cap, soon identified as one the unfortunate Boissellier had been in the habit of wearing. That a murder had been committed was only too clear. But were these proofs of crime connected with the disappearance of Boissellier? He had not been seen to enter the Hôtel de l'Europe. Yet here in Number Two was his travelling cap!

Some one then bethought him of the great trunk sent in the name of Morel to the office of the Messageries Générales for transmission to Toulouse. The procureur at once decided upon the seizure of this trunk, which still remained at the coach office. Forcibly opened, the trunk disclosed a dreadful sight. Mutilated human remains, which could still be identified as those of the missing Boissellier, were found closely wrapped in the packing cloth purchased by Montely. The Doctors Payen and Corbin proceeded to an examination of the body. They decided that death had resulted from a wide, deep wound in the neck, so suddenly inflicted that the sufferer had probably been unable to articulate a sound, although some movement of his limbs still might have been possible to him. The body had not been undressed; the limbs had been rudely hacked off after death. The clothes were recognized as those worn by Boissellier on the morning of the 21st. The face had been disfigured by wounds inflicted after death, as though to prevent identification. Upon the left arm appeared a woman's face tattooed in red and blue. Boissellier was known to be tattooed in that fashion. And it appeared that Montely was similarly tattooed.

In February, 1843, François Montely was brought to trial for the murder of André Boissellier, and for robbing the Bank of Orleans of eight thousand three hundred and ten francs.

The accused was twenty-six years of age, low of stature, thickset, of dark complexion—"le front déprimé, l'œil dur et oblique." He was dressed in black, and wore a mustache.

He professed perfect innocence, and met the statements of the witnesses with a positive denial. In the course of the trial, however, he declared that he would confess the whole truth. He had lent money, he said, to Boissellier, three hundred francs in all. Boissellier had begged that his wife might not be told of the transaction. He, the accused, had journeyed to Orleans to obtain payment of the amount due to him. "When Boissellier came to me at the Hôtel de l'Europe, he brought no money. I had been shaving, and had cut myself accidentally with the razor; blood flowed from the wound. Boissellier, having his bills in his hand, said: 'I have no money, but I have a cousin, a book-binder, who will perhaps lend me some.' I said to him that he wanted to put me off, as he had put me off before, and I snatched from him the bills; in this way two of them were torn. I threatened him that I would tell his wife and the manager of the bank. He took up my razor and said, 'If you do, I'll kill myself.' I moved away for a moment. He uttered a cry. I turned, and saw he had cut his throat. I struggled with him for the razor, which he still held firmly in his hand."

Montely went on to state that he lost his senses, that he knew not what he did, when he found that Boissellier had killed himself. He then took possession of the dead man's bills, and purchased the knife, not to commit a murder, for Boissellier was already dead, but to cut up the body, so that it might be packed in the trunk. The cutler was mistaken, he persisted. The carving knife had been purchased, not between eight and nine in the morning, but at noon; not before but after the death of Boissellier.

Dr. Corbin was recalled. Could the fatal wound have been inflicted by means of a razor? It was possible, he said; but the knife seemed to him a more likely instrument. In any case, he judged the instrument had not been wielded by the deceased's own hand. Was it possible, supposing that Boissellier had committed suicide, that he could have retained in his hand the instrument of his crime? Dr. Corbin thought that was impossible. Great loss of blood would immediately ensue from such a wound, and the man's strength would at once fail him. He could not have retained his hold of the razor. The doctor held the suicide of Boissellier to be impossible.

Jean Baptiste Frimault gave evidence: He was thirty-nine. He had known Montely since 1830. They had been fellow-soldiers in the twentieth regiment of the line. They had been two years in Africa; Montely had been sergeant of his company. Witness and Boissellier had been as brothers together. Witness did not believe that Boissellier was in debt; knew nothing of his borrowing money of Montely. Boissellier was not at all a likely man to commit suicide; he was cheerful and calm and strong-minded. "No more easily intimidated than I am myself," said the witness, in a loud, firm tone. He did not believe that Boissellier committed suicide, or that he was pressed for money. "If he wanted money, he would have come to me. I would readily have lent him some."

The advocates of the accused insisted that his statement was reasonable and credible enough. There was no direct evidence of the commission of a murder. No witness had been present at the death of Boissellier, or could say positively how he died. His death by suicide was possible. The evidence of premeditation was imperfect. Montely's proceedings had not been of a furtive character; he had appeared publicly in Orleans, as though courting recognition on all sides. Stress was laid upon Montely's good character as a soldier. He had conducted himself always with great gallantry. At the risk of his own life he had once courageously avenged the death of a comrade. He had killed a murderous Arab, an enemy of France, and carried away his poniard and yataghan. The poniard was produced in court, and exhibited to the jury. The yataghan, it was stated, had been presented by Montely to M. Marcellary, his commanding officer. Montely was a man of an affectionate nature. He was fondly loved by his second wife; he was tenderly regarded, highly esteemed, by the relations of his first wife. Letters, abounding in the kindest expressions, addressed to him in prison by various members of his family, were openly read in court, in order to demonstrate his amiability and gentleness of character. An impassioned speech on his behalf by M. Johannet, of Paris, concluded with an appeal to the jury, even though they might believe the accused guilty, to preserve his life, to give him an opportunity for repentance in remitting him to penal servitude for the remainder of his days. "Laissez-le-vivre," pleaded M. Johannet, "les tortures de tous les jours vaudront mieux pour la société que l'exécution sur la place publique." After an hour's deliberation, however, the jury found the prisoner guilty—without extenuating circumstances; and he was condemned to death upon the Place of Orleans. In a fainting state he was removed from the court, protesting that he was innocent, and that he had told the truth.

Montely appealed to the Cour de Cassation to quash his conviction, because of certain alleged technical defects in his trial, but his appeal was rejected upon every point.

He was executed at Orleans, in the presence of a vast crowd, on the 8th April, 1843. His courage had completely given way; he was in a most abject condition of body and mind when he appeared upon the scaffold. He made no absolute confession of his guilt, however, while making frequent protestations of penitence. But to the last he declared that although he deserved severe punishment, he did not deserve the punishment of death.

The murder of Boissellier had greatly excited not merely Orleans and its neighborhood, but the whole of France. "It was," as Southey said of a great crime committed many years since in London, "one of those few domestic events which, by the depth and the expansion of horror attending them, had risen to the dignity of a national interest." As a means of attracting visitors to a café at Limoges, the murderer's widow was drawn from her miserable seclusion and induced to exhibit herself publicly, presiding at a counter and dispensing drinks to the morbidly curious who came to gape and stare at her.

FASHIONS AT A FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

A correspondent writing from Dieppe says of the costumes of the ladies: "Short dresses are almost universal, and if not so graceful as trains, are much more dainty for quiet evening dances, and admit of the most charming shoes, the latest eccentricity in stockings being gold embroidered. Skirts are quite full at the back, and are plentifully supplied with handsome balayeuses, which the deft laundresses get up equal to new. Inexpensive materials are chiefly used, Pompadour cottons and satteens, soft thin cashmeres, Indian silks, foulards, grenadines, and all kinds of linen stuffs, there being very few silk or satin toilets seen even on full-dress occasions. The masses of Breton lace used for trimming, however, make these plain costumes highly elaborate. In these thin materials paniers appear on all the best-made dresses, but they are very small and flat at present, the back of the skirt being well puffed. The rage for Pompadour dresses both in style and stuff shows no signs of abatement, and indeed the Louis XV. jackets and waistcoats or gathered blouse bodices are the prevailing shapes. Thin dresses are mostly pale blue, cream, or pink—the pink hair-striped zephyr looking very pretty—while dark blue linen dresses are ornamented either with deep red or with Indian shawl bordering. The latter trimming also edges deep red parasols, while the shawls themselves are cut into out-door jackets, and make very effective wraps. Embroidery is more worn than lace on morning dresses, and white piqué waistcoats are frequent.

For cold days grenat or peacock-blue cashmere dresses are greatly favored, trimmed with Pekin velvet, many having waistcoats of striped black and white or black and gold silk. The out-door jackets are generally of plain or Pekin velvet to match, made double-breasted, and without any trimming except handsome silver or cut-steel buttons. Dark green plaid costumes are also fashionable, as are light gray beiges trimmed with self-color, and made very plainly with only rows of stitching and a few frills. Several ladies have been introducing the old fashion of skirts composed entirely of three deep flounces, above this a tight jacket bodice, long and untrimmed, except a deep frill of Breton lace all down the front. The back forms two short coat tails, and from these starts a scarf of the material which meets on the left side, and is tied loosely in a knot with two long ends. This style looked well in a blue and white striped skirt and dark blue cashmere jacket, and again in an Indian silk skirt and blue jacket spotted with white. Black is not often seen at Dieppe except for mourning. White cashmere is much liked for young girls, and one pretty dress had tiny frills edged with Breton lace all up the front, the tunic opening back with revers, the back of the dress puffed, and cascades of white watered ribbon loops falling down each side. A showy-looking tight velvet jacket was covered with large ovals and tassels of beads of every hue; another had a broad band of multi-colored embroidery carried round the edge, encircling the arm above the elbow, and being brought in a double row up the front, cut buttons to match.

Hats are all styles to suit the wearer, but the two most frequent shapes are the soft *Paille d'Italie* bent down on the forehead, something like a Marie Stuart, and ornamented with white satin ribbon and roses of every shade, and the large round coarse straw, with turned-up brim lined with black or ruby velvet, fans or cascades of Breton lace over the crown, and a perfect mass of flowers clustered at the back. Poppies are somewhat *passé;* deep carnations, roses, and heart's-ease are the favorite blossoms. Other hats are trimmed entirely with ostrich feathers encircling the crown, one long tip falling on the shoulder. These are generally of black straw with red plumes.

As for the children, their toilets are mostly white, and are masses of embroidery, which fares ill by reason of the little ones' delving and digging. The latest style of frocks are most unbecoming. They are pleated lengthwise from neck to knee, where there is a tiny frill, and as the waist has no band or sash, the slim wearers look like walking barrels.

AN IDEAL CITY.

While we are, in New York, occupied with tenement-house reform, Dr. Benjamin Richardson, the well-known English physiologist, is working out a project of creating an ideal city. His plan was first developed at a meeting of the Social Science Congress, and since then a place has been chosen, and a beginning attempted of its realization. Dr. Richardson considers his new mode of city building feasible, but the description of it reminds one of a story from the *Arabian Nights*, or of Coleridge's dreamy poem, which tells us that

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree."

The material with which Dr. Richardson builds, however, is within the compass of our present resources. He selects for his model a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and having 20,000 houses, or five persons to the house. This number would be a little less than now prevails in Philadelphia. No large dwellings, occupied each by several families, are permitted; to insure abundance of ventilation and sunlight, no one of them is more than sixty feet high. The houses are of glazed brick, to prevent the absorption of moisture; the bricks are perforated transversely, so as to make continuous air channels. These channels may be placed at pleasure in communication with the heating apparatus, and thereby supplied with streams of warm air. The dryness of the shell which covers the family is thus insured. The bricks which form the inside wall of the house are glazed in different colors, according to the owner's taste, so as to obviate the necessity of plastering, papering, or painting. The ceilings of the rooms are of thin glazed brick or tile. The kitchen is at the top of the house—an experiment which has already been tried in this country. A hoistway carries to and from the kitchen all articles needed for use, or which must be removed.

Dr. Richardson will permit no under-ground rooms to be used in his model city for human habitation. His houses are built on arches, with subways beneath, through which the drain pipes pass to the street sewers. Each street has a subway through which the heavy traffic is carried on, leaving the upper level quiet and clean. The house drains are carefully trapped, and kept well flushed with water. The street sewers are "ventilated" into tall shafts, from the mains, by means of a pneumatic engine.

Instead of having sedentary mechanical occupations pursued at home, Dr. Richardson would have workshops provided where men and women can hire rooms at moderate rates. He gives a reason which any one can appreciate: "I have myself seen," he says, "the half-made riding-habit that was ultimately to clothe some wealthy damsel, rejoicing in her morning ride, act as a coverlet of a poor tailor's child, stricken with malignant scarlet fever." For the same reason, he would have public laundries presided over by a sanitary officer. As to hospitals, our reformer insists on building them in such way that they can readily be taken down and removed. He abandons the old idea of "warehousing diseases on the largest possible scale, and of making it the boast of an institution that it contains so many beds." Iron and glass are the chief materials of a hospital ward, and when it becomes infected, another may be put in its place. The sewage of the model city is conveyed to farms far away. Being a strict abstainer, Dr. Richardson banishes alcoholic drinks.

To go no farther with this description, what are the results which this eminent scientist hopes to attain? What diseases does he claim can be wholly banished from large cities by the proper application of sanitary principles? Dr. Richardson speaks from an experience of thirty years given to the investigation of the causes of disease. He believes that in such a city "infantile diseases, infantile and remittent fevers, convulsions, croup, diarrhœa, marasmus, dysentery, would be almost unknown. Typhus and typhoid fevers and cholera could not exist, except temporarily and by pure accident; small-pox would be kept under entire control; hospital fever and rheumatic fever, and the heart-disease subsequent upon the latter, would be removed." Alcoholic diseases would be banished; consumption reduced one-third; parasitic diseases which come of the introduction of the larvæ of the entozoa, through food, into the body, would be unknown, and the mortality be brought down to eight per thousand.

It is well to look at an ideal, even though it be far beyond our reach. We have not yet applied scientific principles to the construction of cities; rather we have built them in defiance of such principles. Science, it is true, has brought us conveniences, and the wealthy have improved the construction of the better class of houses. But the fundamental truths which underlie, as Dr. Richardson shows, all right city building, have been neglected; and our neglect carries along with it a sure penalty. The time must come when the whole subject of city construction will be re-investigated. The questions raised cover more than the supply of light and air for our tenement-house population. They take into their scope the deterioration of city populations in body, mind, morals, and estate. New York has for thirty years been shutting its eyes to most terrible facts. The facts will need to be met, and remedies applied.

THE MENHADEN FISHERY.

A few weeks ago we gave a full account of the menhaden or moss-bunker fishery, with illustrations of the manner in which it is pursued along the coast of Long Island. Our illustration on page 745 shows another phase of this important industry—a fleet of fishing vessels off the coast of Maine. Many of these vessels are steamers of a peculiar structure, somewhat similar to but larger than tug-boats. They have a great depth of hold, their sharp bows when light rising from fifteen to twenty feet above the water-line, while the stern lies low down in the waves. They are stanch sea-going craft, and manned by from twelve to twenty men each. They have a mast and spar forward, which is rigged with tackle for hoisting in the fish, and each vessel carries two large yawl-boats, and three seines, each from 140 to 180 fathoms in length. For a full and interesting description of the moss-bunkers, the methods of taking them, and the uses to which they are put, our readers are referred to the article in *Harper's Weekly* for August 2 of this year.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Among a party who were visiting the beautiful country estate of a Boston business man recently was a gentleman considerably interested in ornithology. As they passed through the grounds he accosted a laborer, and asked: "Has Mr. B—— any macaws on the place now?" Resting from his labors, the son of Erin replied: "McCaws, is it? Begorra, I don't remember any of that name; but there is the two McGinnesses at woorrk forninst the barn."

He had just landed from a three years' whaling voyage, and, overcome by his joyful reception, found himself before the police court. "Your honor," he said, plaintively, "I'm a simple sailor, lowly born." "Thirty days for the drunk, six months for *Pinafore*," was the ringing sentence; and the poor tar, bewildered, was dragged to his dungeon cell and deprived of telephonic communication.

The man who goes fishing and sits in a cramp-inviting posture on a narrow thwart from early morn till dewy eve, and calls it fun, is the same man that never goes to church because the pews are not comfortable.

A man wearing wet clothes, and carrying a fishing-rod and basket, stopped a train on the Erie Railroad by giving a danger signal. "What's the matter?" the conductor asked. The man coolly replied that he had caught an enormous trout, and thought the passengers might like to take a look at it.

"Edward," said Mr. Rice, "what do I hear?—that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down these steps?" "Grandma didn't tell us not to, papa; she only came to the door and said, 'I wouldn't jump down those steps, boys;' and I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her!"

A gentleman has started a café just opposite a cemetery. He dedicates his house "to those coming from funerals," and announces on his sign: "Private rooms for all who desire to weep by themselves. Wines and liquors of the very best."

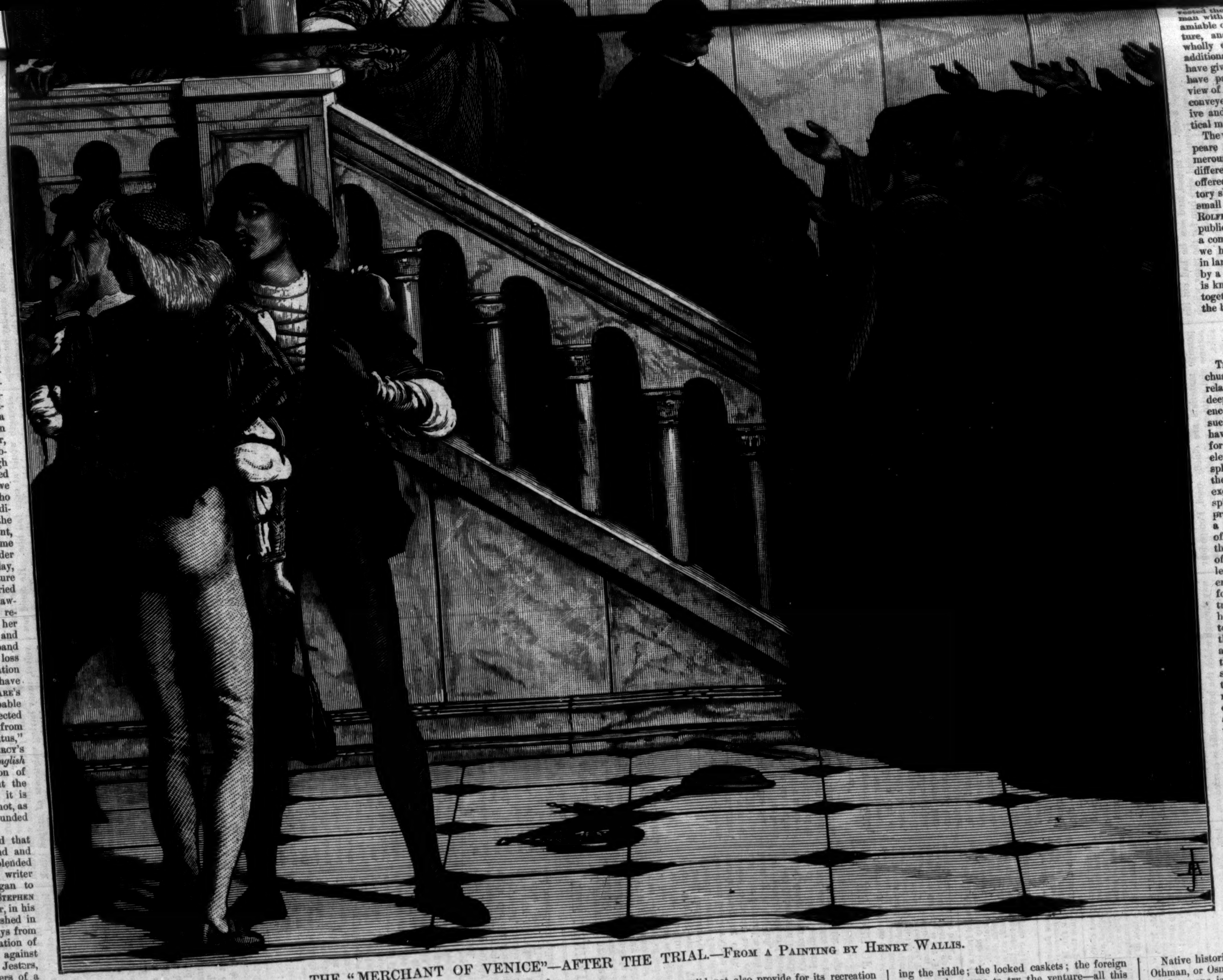
When is a married man a bird?—When he comes home at 2 a.m. P.S.—For the benefit of bachelors (it not being necessary for the married faction) we explain that when a man comes home at the hour named his wife makes him quail.

Soft as silk was her golden hair,
  Bright as stars were her eyes of blue;
Truly I loved my lady fair,
  Truly my lady loved me too.
Did it break my heart when my love lay dead?
  Why, bless your soul! she didn't die.
Time changes wrought as it onward sped;
  She loves another—so do I.

copies. In the folio edition of 1623 the edition of Hayes is reprinted, with some corrections of its misprints and some few slight improvements, as if [illegible] vised by its author. But although the play was first printed in 1600, it has been ascertained from what is called in England the "Stationers' Register" that the *Merchant of Venice*, evidently and indubitably Shakspeare's play, was in 1598 entered by Roberts, who afterward published the best early edition. This was not to be printed without "lycense first from the Lord Chamberlain." It is also mentioned in 1598 by Meares, in his *Wit's Treasury*, in a list of Shakspeare's works, and has its place at the end of the three comedies that he names there.

The plot of the *Merchant of Venice* is composed of two distinct stories—that of the bond, and that of the caskets. Both these fables are found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a Latin compilation of allegorical tales, which had been translated into English as early as the time of Henry VI. It is almost certain, however, that the immediate source from which Shakspeare derived the incidents connected with the bond was a story in *Il Pecorone*, a collection of tales by an Italian writer, Giovanni Fiorentino, first published at Milan in 1558, though written nearly two hundred years before. In this story we have a rich lady at Belmont, who is to be won on certain conditions; and she is finally the prize of a young merchant, whose friend, having become surety for him to a Jew under the same penalty as in the play, is rescued from the forfeiture by the adroitness of the married lady, who is disguised as a lawyer. The pretended judge receives, as in the comedy, her marriage ring as a gratuity, and afterward banters her husband in the same way upon the loss of it. An English translation of *Il Pecorone* is known to have been extant in Shakspeare's time. It is also quite probable that some incidents connected with the bond were taken from the old ballad of "Gernutus," which may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. No dated edition of the ballad is known, but the best critics believe that it is older than the play, and not, as some have maintained, founded upon the play.

It has been suggested that the legends of the bond and casket may have been blended by an English dramatic writer before Shakspeare began to write for the stage. Stephen Gosson, a Puritan author, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, published in 1579, excepts a few plays from the sweeping condemnation of his "plesaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like caterpillers of a Commonwelth." Among these exceptions he mentions "*The Jew*, and Ptolome, showne at the Bull; the one representing *the greedinesse of worldly chusers*, and *the bloody minds of usurers;* the other very lively describing howe seditious estates with their owne devises, false friends with their owne swoords, and rebellious commons in their owne snares are overthrowne." We have no other knowledge of this play of *The Jew;* but the nationality of its hero, and the double moral, agreeing so exactly with that of the *Merchant of Venice*, render it probable that the plots of the two dra-



THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE"—AFTER THE TRIAL.—From a Painting by Henry Wallis.

friendship between Bassanio and Antonio; for the profusion of poetic beauties scattered over the play; and for the masterly delineation of that perfect type of Judaism in olden times, the character of Shylock himself."

Shakspeare has had few more intelligent or appreciative critics than Schlegel. According to the great German writer, the *Merchant of Venice* is one of the English dramatist's most perfect works, popular to an extraordinary degree, and

desire to avenge the wrongs and indignities heaped upon his nation is, after avarice, his strongest spring of action. His hate is naturally directed toward those Christians who are actuated by truly Christian principles. A disinterested love of one's neighbor seems to him the most unrelenting persecution of the Jews. In regard to the other characters of the play—those who evidence virtue and devotion and true dignity—Schlegel evinces the same penetrating and deli-

the poet did not also provide for its recreation and diversion. This is effected in an especial manner by the scenes at Portia's country-seat, which transport the spectator into quite another world. And yet they are closely connected with the main business by the chain of cause and effect. Bassanio's preparations for his courtship are the cause of Antonio's subscribing the dangerous bond; and Portia, by the counsel and advice of her kinsman, a famous lawyer, effects the

ing the riddle; the locked caskets; the foreign princes who come to try the venture—all this powerfully excites the imagination with the splendor of an olden tale of marvels. The two scenes in which, first the Prince of Morocco, in the language of Eastern hyperbole, and then the self-conceited Prince of Aragon, make their choice among the caskets, serve merely to raise our curiosity, and give employment to our wits; but on the third, where the two lovers stand

vested the despised and injured man with the gentle and more amiable qualities of human nature, and enlisted sympathy wholly on his side, whatever additional interest he might have given to his plot, he would have painted a far less true view of human nature, and have conveyed a much less impressive and useful lesson of practical morality.

The various editions of Shakspeare now extant are too numerous to be counted, but the different plays have never been offered us in a more satisfactory shape than in the series of small volumes edited by Mr. Rolfe, and now in course of publication by the Harpers. In a compact and convenient form we have each drama, printed in large open type, and prefaced by a short summary of all that is known regarding its history, together with selections from the best commentators.

RING STORIES.

The Indian legend of Jarchus and his seven rings is thus related. The philosopher was deeply versed in the occult sciences, and was a magician of such power that he is said to have constructed a gold chair for himself, in which he could elevate his body to the highest sphere, and hold converse with the planets. In one of these excursions he received from a spirit seven rings of talismanic properties. The first displayed a diamond, denoting brilliancy of mind and purity of heart; the second, a ruby, expressive of the warm glow of benevolence; the third, an emerald, emblem of eternal spring; the fourth, a sapphire, indicating truth, being the tints of the heavens; the fifth, a topaz, betokening caution and sagacity; the sixth a chrysolite, depicting a mind receiving its colors from the influence of the times and seasons; the seventh, an amethyst, emblem of piety and dignity. These rings Jarchus was commanded to take to earth, and by bestowing them on the most worthy, thus disseminate the seeds of virtue among mankind.

The *Navigium* of Eustathius contains some curious allusions to different points of popular belief formerly. One of the parties mentioned therein wishes for a set of rings to endow him with the following qualities and advantages: a never-failing store of health; a person invulnerable, invisible, of irresistible charms, and having the concentrated essence of ten thousand men; a power of flying through the air; of entering every dwelling-house, however strongly secured; and of casting a deep sleep on whom he chooses.

Native historians of Turkey relate a dream of Othman, or Osman (from whom the designation of Ottomans is derived), which prefigured the future greatness of his race. He fancied that he saw a tree sprouting from his own person, which rapidly grew in size and foliage, until it covered with its branches the three continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Beneath the tree, four enormous mountains raised their snowy summits—Caucasus, Atlas, Taurus, and Hæmus, apparently sup-

THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

SHAKSPEARE's *Merchant of Venice* is undoubtedly one of the most popular plays that has ever been presented on the English stage, and the successful impersonation of Shylock has been the ambition of its greatest actors. Yet the remarkable criticism has been passed upon the drama by one of the great poet's commentators that it is the least Shakspearean of all SHAKSPEARE's more important works. Mr. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK says: "It has, I think, one peculiarity which has escaped critical attention. Ranking deservedly as it does among SHAKSPEARE's most perfect, and certainly among his most pleasing works, and bearing throughout the deep stamp of his genius, yet it is—at least so it strikes my mind—the least Shakspearean of his greater dramas, in the same sense that *Lear* and *Macbeth* are the most so. My meaning will be made more clear than any critical discussion can make it by the comparison of Portia's beautiful exhortation, 'The quality of mercy is not strained,' etc., with any of those briefer passages in *Lear*, urging the great duties of sympathy and charity upon 'the superfluous and lust-dieted man.' The play is less Shakspearean than many others because it has less of that marvellous combination of impassioned imagery with ponderous thoughts clothed in such burning words as SHAKSPEARE could alone give to his language, and compressing volumes of wisdom into a brief phrase, a hasty allusion, or a rapidly passing image. He here rather seems to luxuriate in a more diffuse moral eloquence, and to dwell in a calmer mood upon all the ideas and incidents and scenes and circumstances of surpassing beauty, grace, or splendor which his lavish imagination pours round with profuse magnificence. It has, too, with the exception of some of Shylock's scenes of fiercer passion, in its language and trains of thought something more of the tone of ethical poetry than of the drama. I do not point out these as any evidence of inferiority in this piece; they are rather to be regarded as proofs of the variety and extent of the author's genius. If he is here less like the SHAKSPEARE of his own greater dramas, it is because he often reminds us more at times of JEREMY TAYLOR, and at other times of EDMUND SPENSER, than he does of himself."

The slight records that we have of the incidents of SHAKSPEARE's life afford no clew to the exact date at which the *Merchant of Venice* was written. We know, however, that it was first printed in 1600, when it appeared in two distinct quarto editions by different publishers, ROBERTS and HAYES, with such variations of text, although slight, as to indicate that they were printed from different manuscripts, although both of them are, in the main, correct copies. In the folio edition of 1623 the edition of HAYES is reprinted, with some corrections of its misprints and some few slight improvements as if vised by its author. But although the play was first printed in 1600, it has been ascer-

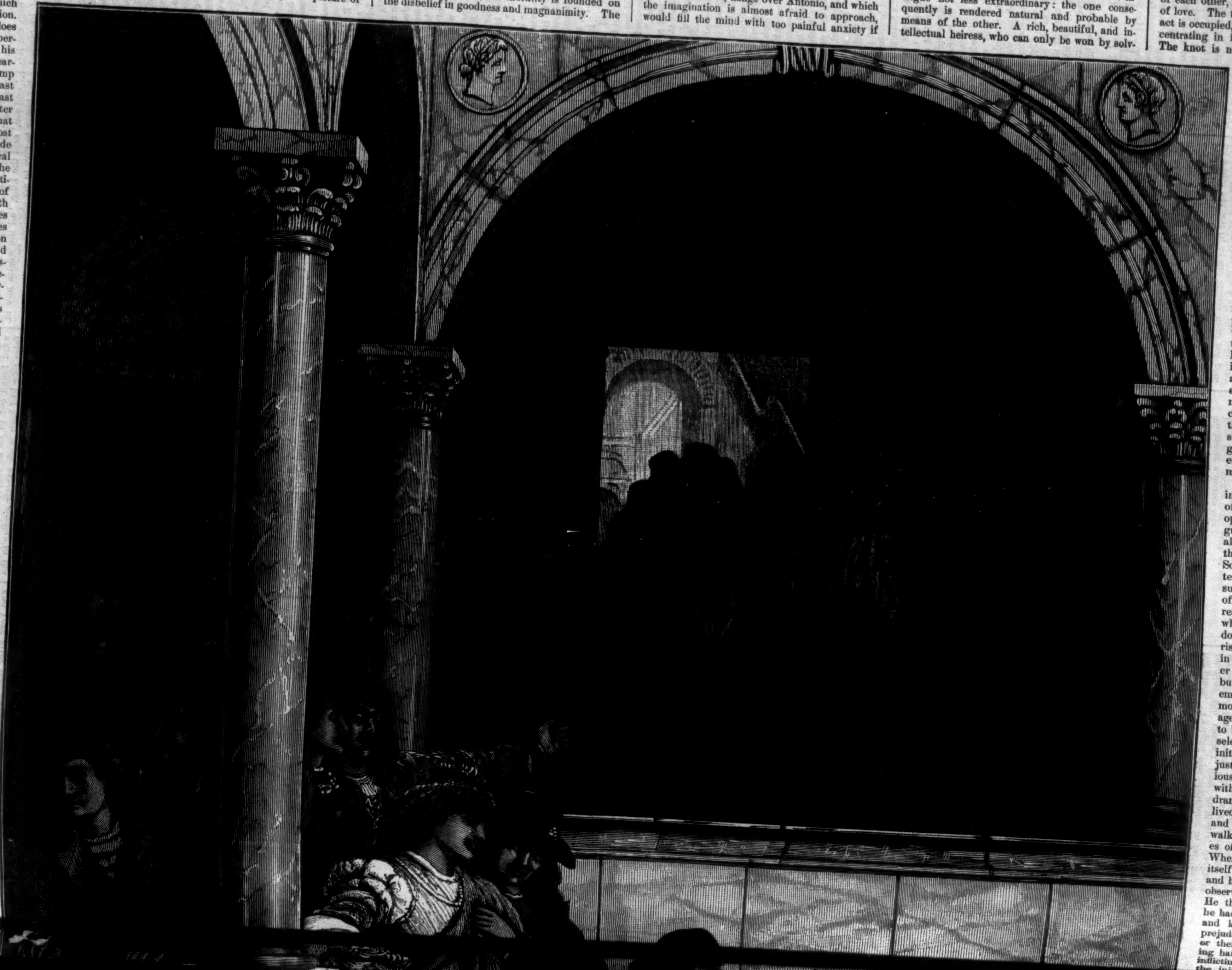
mas were essentially the same, and that SHAKSPEARE in this instance, as in others, worked upon some rough model already prepared for him. The question, however, is not of great importance. As STAUNTON remarks: "Be the merit of the fable whose it may, the characters, the language, the poetry, and the sentiment are his and his alone. To no other writer of the period could we be indebted for the charming combination of womanly grace and dignity and playfulness which is found in Portia; for the exquisite picture of

calculated to produce the most powerful effect upon the stage, and at the same time a wonder of ingenuity and art for the reflecting critic. Shylock is no common Jew, but possesses a strongly marked and original individuality, while at the same time there is at least a light touch of Judaism in everything he says and does. In his own way he is a man of information and a thinker, only he has not discovered the region where human feelings dwell; his morality is founded on the disbelief in goodness and magnanimity. The

cate appreciation. He writes: "The melancholy and self-sacrificing magnanimity of Antonio is affectingly sublime. Like a princely merchant, he is surrounded with a whole train of noble friends. The contrast which this forms to the selfish cruelty of the usurer Shylock was necessary to redeem the honor of human nature. The danger which, almost to the close of the fourth act, hangs over Antonio, and which the imagination is almost afraid to approach, would fill the mind with too painful anxiety if safety of her lover's friend. But the relations of the dramatic composition are admirably observed in yet another respect. The trial between Shylock and Antonio is indeed recorded as being a real event, but still, for all that, it must ever remain an unheard-of and singular case. SHAKSPEARE has therefore associated it with a love intrigue not less extraordinary: the one consequently is rendered natural and probable by means of the other. A rich, beautiful, and intellectual heiress, who can only be won by solv-

trembling before the inevitable choice, which in one moment must unite or separate them forever, SHAKSPEARE has lavished all the charms of feeling, all the magic of poesy. We share in the rapture of Portia and Bassanio at the fortunate choice: we easily conceive why they are so fond of each other, for they are both most deserving of love. The trial scene, with which the fourth act is occupied, is in itself a perfect drama, concentrating in itself the interest of the whole. The knot is now untied, and, according to the common ideas of theatrical satisfaction, the curtain ought to drop. But the poet was unwilling to dismiss his audience with the gloomy impressions which Antonio's acquittal, effected with so much difficulty and contrary to all expectation, and the condemnation of Shylock, were calculated to leave behind them; he has therefore added the fifth act by way of a musical afterpiece in the play itself. The episode of Jessica, the fugitive daughter of the Jew, in whom SHAKSPEARE has contrived to throw a veil of sweetness over the national features, and the artifice by which Portia and her companion are enabled to rally their newly married husbands, supply him with the necessary materials. The scene opens with the playful prattling of two lovers in a summer evening; it is followed by soft music, and a rapturous eulogy on this powerful disposer of the human mind and the world; the principal characters then make their appearance, and, after a simulated quarrel, which is gracefully maintained, the whole ends with the most exhilarating mirth."

The intention of SHAKSPEARE in relation to the great question of the rights of conscience and opinion which is involved in the greater part of the plot and dialogue of this piece has been the subject of much discussion. Some of his critics have contended that the poet chose his subject with the express object of inculcating the great duty of respect for liberty of conscience, while in the eyes of others he does not appear to have himself risen above the level of his age in the spirit of toleration, whether Christian or philosophical, but to have partaken of and employed the narrowest and most bitter prejudices of his age. The probable truth seems to be that SHAKSPEARE did not select his subject with any definite plan of depicting the injustice and absurdity of religious persecution, but merely with regard to its poetic and dramatic effect. But he had lived among the rage of civil and religious discord, and he walked over the yet warm ashes of the fires of persecution. When the subject expanded itself in his mind, he described and he reasoned from his own observation of man and society. He therefore painted men as he had seen them—the wisest and kindest blinded by the prejudices of their education or their country, and becoming hardened to the extent of inflicting insolence and injury;



porting, like four columns, the vast leafy tent. From the sides of these mountains issued four rivers—the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Danube, and the Nile. Suddenly the branches and leaves of the tree assumed the appearance of a glittering sabre, and moved together by the breeze, they turned toward Constantinople. That capital, placed at the juncture of two seas and two continents, seemed like a noble diamond set in a ring between two sapphires and emeralds. Othman was about to celebrate his nuptials with the Byzantine city, the capital of the world, by placing the ring on his finger, when he woke. By dint of the Koran and the sword, the dream of Othman was realized by his successors.

The Koran interdicts the wearing of gold ornaments during prayer, and in order to avoid the trouble of taking off and putting on their rings, the Persians used silver ones on those occasions. Tavernier, the French travelling jeweller, relates that Abbas the Second bought a gold ring of him, and then had the stone reset in a silver ring.

In the traditions of the heathen epoch of Swedish history mention is made of a famous ring called "Swiagris," the greatest treasure which King Adil possessed. This, with other valuable articles, was given by Queen Yrsa to her son King Rolf, who was in antagonism with Adil, and meeting him, cast the procious ring out on the road, which when Adil saw, he said, "Kinder has been to him than to me the person who gave King Rolf the ring," then bowed himself, and stretched forth his lance to recover the ring. Then said King Rolf, "Now I have made the richest man in Sweden bow his back," and in the mean while he struck at King Adil while he was thus stooping, and gave him an ignominious blow behind, saying, "Keep the shame-scar for a time, and may you learn to know King Rolf, whom you have so sought for." King Rolf again took up the ring Swiagris, and with his followers hewed down the Swedes, and pursued his way in peace.

Hjalmar the Bold, the champion of King Ane's court at Upsala, after wonderful adventures, sings his death-song, and in his last moments desires a ring of red gold to be taken off his finger and given to Ingeborg, the daughter of King Ane of Sweden, as a confirmation of the words she had spoken herself at their parting, that they should never meet again. Odd, his foster-brother, promised to fulfill his wish. He took the body of Hjalmar to the palace of Upsala, and laid it without the hall door. He then entered, carrying his friend's helmet and cuirass in his hand. These he laid down before Ane, and related the fall of Hjalmar. Afterward he went to Ingeborg, who was seated in her chair, embroidering a mantle for Hjalmar. Odd presented himself before her, and said, "Hjalmar saluteth thee, and sent thee this ring in his dying moments." Ingeborg took the ring, looked at him, answered nothing, and sank down dead at his feet. Then Odd took her up, and bore her forth and laid her in Hjalmar's arms, saying, "Now may the dead enjoy that bliss which fate denied the living."

From the legendary let us turn to the historical. At the coronation of Henry the Fourth, the king exhibited the signet-ring of Richard the Second, delivered to him by that monarch as a token of his will that he should succeed him. A contemporary French metrical history of the deposition of the unfortunate Richard (in the British Museum) says: "They (the archbishop) took the costly ring of the realm wherewith they are wont to espouse their kings, which is, say they, their peculiar right. They bore it between them to the Constable, whom they esteem a notable knight, Lord Percy, and when he had taken the ring he showed it openly to all who were there present, then he kneeled down and put it upon the king's right hand, by way of espousal. But I would not give a farthing for it, because this office was performed without right or justice. I do not say that it might not be a worthy thing, were it done as such a thing should have been."

It is curious, in connection with this ring, that among the documents and papers belonging to Westminster Abbey (a catalogue of which was prepared by Widmore in the last century) is a grant by Richard the Second, in the twelfth year of his reign, to the Abbot of Westminster, of a certain ring with a precious ruby inserted therein, for the shrine of the Confessor, with the condition that he might use the said ring when in England, but that it was to be placed on the shrine when the king went abroad, and was to be used at the coronation of the king's successors.

There is a portion of a letter, apparently from the Abbot of Westminster to the king, in reference to the "noble relic," the ring of St. Edward, of which he was the keeper. Pardon is begged for some trespass in respect of sending the ring to the king, and the petition prays him to save the rights of the Church.

Several ring stories are related in connection with the unfortunate Charles the First. In Herbert's narrative of the last days of the monarch, he mentions: "The same evening, January 28, 1648, two days before his execution, the king took a ring from his finger, having an emerald set therein between two diamonds, and gave it to Mr. Herbert, and commanded him, as late as it was, to go with it from St. James's to a lady living then in Canon Row, on the back side of King Street, in Westminster, and to give it to her without saying anything. The night was exceedingly dark, and guards were set in several places; nevertheless, getting the word from Colonel Matthews Tomlinson, Mr. Herbert passed currently, though in all places where sentinels were he was bid stand till the corporal had the word from him. Being come to the lady's house, he delivered to her the ring. 'Sir,' said she, 'give me leave to show you the way into the parlor,' where, being seated, she desired him to wait till she returned. In a little while after she came in, and put into his hands a little cabinet, closed with three seals, two of which were the king's arms, and the third was the figure of a Roman; which done, she desired him to deliver it to the same hand that sent the ring, which ring was left with her; and afterward, Mr. Herbert taking his leave, he gave the cabinet into the hands of his Majesty, who told him he should see it opened next morning. Morning being come, the bishop (Juxon) was early with the king, and after prayers his Majesty broke the seals, and showed them what was in the cabinet. There were diamonds and jewels—most part broken—and Georges and Garters. 'You see,' said the king, 'all the wealth now in my power to give to my children.'"

When King James paid a visit to Oxford in 1621, Dean Corbet preached before him. The monarch presented him with a mark of his favor in the shape of a ring, of which, during his sermon, the chaplain seems to have made an ostentatious display. The wits of the time did not lose so favorable an opportunity of holding up to ridicule a man from whom they had so often suffered in a similar way. An extract from one of these attacks is transcribed from Antony Wood's papers in Ashmole's collection at Oxford:

"The reverend dean,
With his band starch'd clean,
Did preach before the king;
A ring was his pride,
To his band stings tied—
Was not this a pretty thing?

"The ring, without doubt,
Was the thing put him out,
And made him forget what was next,
For every one there
Will say, I dare swear,
He handled it more than the text."

The origin of "St. Mark's ring" is thus given in the old chronicles of Venice. Two centuries after the translation of the remains of the saint to Venice, when the Emperor Henry the Third made an express pilgrimage to his shrine, the body had disappeared. The priests had recourse to prayers and fasting for its recovery, and the whole city was afflicted to tears, to abstinence, and to supplication. At length the saint relented. One morning the sacristan whose turn it was to attend the church in which the body ought to have been found, perceived, on entering, a fragrant odor and a brilliant light which issued from a particular column. The simple priest imagined that there was a fire, and ran up in affright to extinguish it, nor was his alarm diminished when he saw a human arm protruding from the column. He hastened to the Doge, and announced this marvel, and the bishop and clergy, having been summoned, repaired with profound devotion to the church. There, as they knelt before the pillar, the arm dropped a ring from one of the fingers of its hand into the bishop's bosom, and at the same time the column opened and displayed an iron coffin, inclosing the remains of the evangelist.

It is sad to record that the ring of the saint was stolen in 1585, and that though his body was deposited in a mysterious receptacle, known only to the Doge and certain special custodians named Provveditori, it long ago disappeared. Eustace, in his *Classical Tour in Italy*, accuses the Doge Carossio of having sold the precious relic. At all events its present depository is unknown.

With regard to the occult virtues of rings, they were numberless. We only remember reading of one, however, the special virtue of which consisted in directing the wearer the right road to take in travelling—an invaluable *vade mecum*. This useful ring belonged to King Otnit of Lombardy, and was given to him by the queen-mother when he went to gain in marriage the Soldan's daughter.

As a ring omen of "good luck," Plutarch tells us that a contention having arisen among the officers of Timoleon on the eve of a battle, he settled the controversy by lot, and taking a ring from each of the disputants, he cast them into his own robe, and having shaken them together, the first that he drew out and exposed to view had, by good fortune, the figure of a trophy engraved upon it; which when the younger captains saw, they shouted with joy at the good omen, and without waiting any longer to see how chance would determine it for the rest, they pressed forward and gained the victory.

Curious customs are associated with rings. Captain Burnaby, in his famous *Ride to Khiva*, says that a favorite amusement in Russia, when several girls are congregated together under the same roof, is to divine, by aid of a cock, which maiden will be married first. Each girl, taking some corn, makes a small heap on the floor, and there conceals a ring. The bird is then introduced and let loose beside the corn. Presently he begins to peck at the heaps of grain. At last one of the rings is exposed to view, whose owner, according to popular belief, will outstrip her companions in the race for matrimony.

The mention of Russia reminds us of a curious incident in connection with a ring, which occurred at Moscow during the reign of the Empress Catherine the Second. A rich nobleman, a collector of precious stones, met in company a stranger who wore on his finger a ring of great value and beauty. After a conversation as to its worth, the nobleman offered him a considerable sum for it, which the stranger at first refused, not wishing to part with it. At length, to evade the repeated importunities of the nobleman, he declared he would not sell it, as the stones were not genuine. This declaration filled all the company with amazement. The nobleman desired to have the ring for a few days, giving a security for it, and then showed it to several jewellers, who declared the stones to be genuine, and of great value. He brought back the ring to its owner, who put it with great indifference into his waistcoat pocket. The negotiations began afresh, and the nobleman offered a sum which was near its true value. "This ring," observed the stranger, "is a token of friendship, but I am not rich enough to reject so large a sum as you offer for it. Yet this high offer is the very reason for my not complying. How can you offer so much money for a ring which the owner himself confesses to be made up of false stones?" The nobleman replied: "If your determination depends only on that, take at once the sum, and I call upon the gentlemen here present to witness that I voluntarily pay it."

The stranger took the money, and gave the nobleman the ring, repeating the declaration that the stones were false, and it was still time to make the purchase void. The ring was afterward found out to be as the seller stated. A false ring had been made exactly similar to the genuine one. The affair was brought before a court of law, but as the seller proved that during the whole business there was no question at all about the genuine stones, and that the purchaser had expressly treated for a ring which he was told was false, a judgment was pronounced in favor of the seller.

In a letter (dated February 4, 1729) from W. Derham, author of *Physico-Theology*, and *Astro-Theology*, to Ralph Palmer, among the MS. collections of Sir H. Ingleby, Bart., he alludes to a pebble in a ring formerly belonging to Archbishop Laud, which Palmer had shown to him. At the back of the letter is a seal with "the impression of the natural pebble, formed by nature, whereon the half-moon is as perfect as it could be in sculpture, and as bold."

In another letter (dated March 9, 1729), from the same to the same, he states "that he has recommended the observations he sent about pebbles to several curious persons, and mentioned it at a late meeting of the Royal Society; but there is one great mistake in your letter, which I desire the favor to correct. You say that the archbishop found the specks all vanish in wet weather, and in winter the white specks were apparent in the ring again. And soon after you say they always disappeared in summer, and re-appeared in winter afterward." Palmer has corrected this: formerly it was written winter where summer is, and *vice versa*. In a note by R. Palmer he says, "This archbishop was Laud, who showed this pebble to Dr. Harney, who, having missed the beautiful specks of the pebble, which was set in a ring (for whose sake it was valued and set), flung the ring by as good for nothing; when lighting on it by chance in his scriptore the next winter, he observed 'em to be returned again, to his great surprise. This pebble was the color of oil olive, and the specks were white."

In a letter (December 12, 1733) from J. Richardson, Junior, to R. Palmer, he states that "he has inquired concerning the stone that lost and recovered its spots, but those that are the best conversant in that sort of curiosity know of no such. That of Archbishop Laud is well known. A gentleman to whom he had applied told him that there is a stone which, put in water, will become transparent from opaque, and taken out, would by degrees become opaque again. It is the oculus mundi." This is the hydrophane, a brown opaque kind of opal.

On which finger the wedding ring should be worn was long the subject of learned dissertations. An old writer remarks that a ring worn on the forefinger indicates a haughty, bold, and overbearing spirit; on the long finger, prudence, dignity, and discretion; on the marriage finger, love and affection; on the little finger, a masterful spirit.

From marriage to death. The practice of wearing "In Memoriam" rings, with representations on them of the skull and crossed bones, is well commented on in a sermon by Robinson, Bishop of Bangor: "Many carry death on their fingers when he is never nigh their hearts." On the same subject a writer in the *Connoisseur* (No. 39) remarks: "If I should not be thought to lay too much stress on the lesser formalities observed in mourning, I might mention the admirable method of qualifying the melancholy hue of the mourning ring by enlivening it with the brilliancy of a diamond. I knew a young lady who wore on the same finger a ring set round with death's-heads and cross marrow-bones for the loss of her father, and another prettily embellished with burning hearts pierced through with darts in respect to her lover."

The custom of pledge money, given with rings at marriages, common in ancient times, was practiced at a late period in France. The Dauphin (afterward Louis the Sixteenth) of France, on his marriage with Marie Antoinette, after he had placed the wedding ring on her finger, added, as an "earnest," or pledge, that he endowed her with his worldly wealth, a gift of thirteen pieces of gold, which, as well as the ring, had received the episcopal benediction.

Samuel Bishop (died 1795), Master of Merchant Taylors' School, wrote some poems, the best of which is in praise of his wife, on the anniversary of her wedding day, which was also her birthday, with a ring.

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed"—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.
Behold another ring! For what?
To wed thee o'er again? Why not?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appeared.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now
To justify a double vow;
Here, then, to-day (with faith as sure,
With ardor as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth and plighted mine),
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this ring I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.
And why? They show me every hour
Honor's high thought, affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

THE PROUD LADY OF THE CASTLE.

LAST of the mighty race of Windeck, famed for brave men and lovely women, was Adelheid, heiress of the castle and broad lands that had been owned by her ancestors, and, so far as beauty went, she was worthy of her lineage, but of a proud and haughty temper. So proud was she that among all the nobles of Brisgau she could find none whom she thought worthy to call her lord; and year after year passed on, finding her still unwedded, and every year some unfortunate lover or other turned from the castle gates with looks of scorn and words of ridicule.

Among those whom she had, after her fashion, first attached to her by every art, and afterward repelled with bitter derision, was a young man of noble family, but slender fortune, who had long been in her service as page or squire, as the fashion of those days demanded.

After years of patient waiting and hope, the youth ventured to declare himself, and was received by the lady with a storm of sarcasms that literally overwhelmed him. Stung to the heart by her hard speeches, and by the sense of his own folly and presumption, which suddenly poured in upon him like a flood, he left his mistress's presence only to write a word of farewell to his mother, whose only son he was, and whom he tenderly loved, then threw himself into the Rhine.

A few days afterward, a woman, maddened with rage and sorrow, a widow whose only son had died a suicide's death, sought the Lady Adelheid in her castle on the hill, accused her of being the murderess of her boy, and heaped upon her head the bitterest curses that her outraged mother-heart could devise, or her woman's tongue utter.

"Unloved you shall live," she cried, "and unregretted die. Even in the grave you shall find no peace; even there my revenge shall follow you, and send you forth to wander, a restless, miserable ghost—restless forever!"

"Ah!" cried the Lady Adelheid, with white face and scared eyes, all her haughtiness flown, "do not utter such terrible words! Have you no mercy?"

The wretched mother smiled grimly. "Yes, I will have mercy," she said. "Thus shall your spirit wander through these very halls until you find a lover as true, as honest, as pure-hearted, as my poor lost son, willing to woo the phantom for his bride. Then only you shall rest in peace."

Under this curse, says the legend, the Lady of Windeck lived and died. She was the last of her race, and not many years after her death the castle, uninhabited and deserted, fell into ruins. Its new owners had, indeed, made many attempts to inhabit it, but had been absolutely driven out of the place by the unearthly sounds which disturbed the stillness of night, and which scarcely allowed a living soul in the building so much as to close an eye from midnight to cock-crow. Doors would open and shut mysteriously, footsteps resound through the silent corridors, lights, illumined by no visible hand, suddenly burn in the windows, while over every mirror in the house the shadowy form of a woman, clothed in white, with long black hair hanging below her shoulders, would be seen—would pass—disappearing in one place only to appear the next moment in another.

It happened, however, that one day a young hunter of noble family, a stranger guest in one of the neighboring castles, was led, in the excitement of the chase, up to the very gate of the deserted mansion. The deer which he was pursuing rushed by him into the very ruins, as though it were taking sanctuary. The young man, by name Kurt von Stein, had heard some curious legends as connected with a ruined castle on the height, and possibly, half from curiosity and half because he was hot and tired with a day of specially poor sport, he dismounted and led his horse, tired like himself, through the brambles and bushes that had overgrown the ruined gateway, into the grass-grown court-yard.

"A curious place, to be sure," said the young man, seating himself for a moment's rest on a fallen mass of brick-work overlaid with soft moss, and letting his horse meantime graze at his will from the rank growth of the court-yard. "A very curious place. Looks as if no one had been here for a hundred years. I wonder whether this can be the haunted castle my uncle was speaking about only the other night? If so," he added, "I wish to goodness the spirit-lady would have the hospitality to welcome me to her domains, and offer me a drink of something this hot day." And as he took off his hunting cap to air his heated brow, his thoughts reverted lovingly to a certain glass tankard in his uncle's house, which, when filled with yellow Strasburg beer, was about as pleasant a sight to Kurt von Stein as the world could well offer.

After a while the idea occurred to the young man that as chance had brought him to the castle, he might as well pay his respects to the owner of it, whether she were a phantom or not.

A turret stair, broken and worn, was close at hand to the spot which he had chosen for a resting-place. Twilight was beginning to fall as he reached the castle; now, suddenly, darkness seemed to have come, and as he mounted the winding turret stairs he noticed that lights were already showing through many of the windows of what appeared to be a less ruinous part of the building than that by which he had entered.

"That is all right," said Kurt to himself. "I was wise to try my fortune here. A supper, or even a bed, would not come amiss to me, for I scarcely know how I shall find my way back to my uncle's house to-night. But at any rate I shall get some directions, and perhaps, if the people are not overhospitable, a guide home."

So saying, he made his way up the staircase, and knocked at a door which was at the top of it. The door opened noiselessly, as though by an unseen hand, and admitted him into a long corridor, lighted, and adorned with white marble statues. From this he passed into a suite of rooms hung with tapestry, and strewn with freshly laid rushes, with a few carved settles and chests for furniture. Still he met no one.

Next he came into a great hall, on the walls of which hung a number of antique portraits, while in the centre of the apartment was a table spread as if for supper.

"This is very curious," said Kurt to himself. "Where can the family be gone to? However, one comfort is, they've got something to eat. I think I'll wait here and give them the chance of inviting me."

So saying, he sat quietly down at one end of the table, which was laid for two persons. Scarcely had he done so when the door of the room opened noiselessly, and a lady, young and beautiful, but with a somewhat sad and pale face, entered the room.

Kurt rose, and at once began to make apologies for his unwarrantable intrusion. The lady waved a white hand toward him, and bade him be seated.

"Say no more," she said, in a sweet sad voice, "I expected you."

There was evidently some mistake here, thought Kurt, but as the mistake seemed to mean a good supper, he was not unwilling to fall into it. He at once took a seat at the table, and the lady took hers opposite him.

She was certainly very beautiful, he thought, as he looked again at her over the brimming winecup. The wine, too, was excellent; so was the whole repast—at which the lady waited upon him with her own fair hands—the only peculiarity about it being that neither bread nor salt was to be found on the table, but Kurt von Stein was too much of a gentleman to notice the omission, though he certainly enjoyed his supper the less by reason of their absence.

At length the young man ventured to ask one or two questions of his kindly hostess. "May I inquire," he said, "are you, fair lady, the daughter of this house?"

"Yes," was the answer, given, as it seemed, sadly and low.

"And your parents?"

"They are there," said the lady, pointing to the pictures on the walls.

"Do you mean to say that you live in this house alone?" asked Von Stein.

"Alone," returned the lady. "I am the last of my race."

Who shall say how it came about? The lady was beautiful, the man was young. In such cases love is sometimes found to be a plant that does not take long in the growing. Moreover, Von Stein, though noble, was poor, and the lady the last of her race, the heiress of an ancient lineage. Possibly the notion of the inheritance the lonely girl might bring with her had some part in the sudden passion which filled the young man's heart. Who can tell?

It was not long before he found himself kneeling at her feet and offering the beautiful maiden all that he had to offer—his devotion and his life.

The lady listened silently and with bowed head to his ardent pleading. Then she said, looking up, but away from him, and speaking absently: "I have heard those words before."

"But never from lips so true, so honest, so disinterested," said the young man, warmly, forgetting in his fascination for the beautiful lady how he had certainly taken her inheritance into account in the first place.

The lady sighed and was silent.

Then she spoke: "If I yield to your wishes, we must be married at once."

"At once!" cried Von Stein, perhaps a little startled. Yet what lover ever found the time between betrothal and marriage too short! "I am ready," he said, gallantly, "and impatient."

The lady smiled, moved softly away to an old worm-eaten chest which was set against the wall, took from it two rings, and a white veil, and crown of myrtle, which she laid upon her dark flowing hair. Her dress was white.

"Come," she said to her lover, and led the way.

A little bewildered, after the fashion of bridegrooms in general, and scarcely knowing whether to be happy or alarmed, the young man followed his bride through, as it seemed to him, miles of dimly lighted vaulted passages, where the damp was trickling down the walls, and where unthought-of steps, up and down, were ready at every moment to trip up the unwary passer. The lady, however, seemed to be well acquainted with every turn and twist of the place, and giving her hand to her lover, she led him on step by step, until at length they reached a vaulted chamber, which they had no sooner entered than a great iron door shut heavily behind them, with a sound that echoed through every arch of the dimly lighted building.

It was the chapel.

"Your hand is cold, my love," said the young man, tenderly, to his bride.

"No matter: yours has warmth and life enough for both," returned the lady.

Yet the life seemed actually to ebb from the young man's heart as he observed the stone figure of a bishop, which was sculptured on a grave-stone in the centre of the chapel, gradually rise from its recumbent position and walk up the steps of the altar.

The eyes of the bishop flamed like glow-worms, the candles upon the altar lighted of themselves, and the tones of an organ rolled solemnly through the vaulted building.

"Kurt von Stein, wilt thou take the Lady of Windeck for thy lawful wife?" said the bishop, in low, sepulchral tones, which sounded as though not he, but some muffled voice a dozen yards away, were speaking.

At this moment the whole horror of the scene seemed to break upon the young man. Around him, slowly rising from their graves, he saw the shrouded forms and fleshless faces of the dead, who came as witnesses to the ghostly marriage. Even the face of his bride, as his fascinated eyes fixed upon it, wore the livid hue of death. He turned in an agony to fly from the horrible scene, tried to snatch his hand from the cold, hard grip of the phantom-lady, fell, as he believed, senseless upon the chapel floor—and awoke to find himself, at dawn of day, lying at his full length on the moss-grown stone where he had sat to rest the night before, at the castle door, and his horse intent upon an early meal on the rank herbage of the grass-grown court.

When he told his tale in the village and at the neighboring castles, no one in the least doubted that he had almost, if not quite, laid the unquiet spirit of the Lady of Windeck.

LEANING AND CROOKED TOWERS AND STEEPLES.

OF these singular objects, whose striking appearance is due to various causes, we meet with a number of instances both in Great Britain and on the Continent. Of leaning towers, perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most widely known, is the celebrated one at Pisa, in Italy. It is one hundred and eighty-seven feet in height, being ascended by three hundred and fifty-five steps, and is inclined from the perpendicular rather more than fourteen feet. Erected about 1174, this beautiful structure is built of marble and granite, having eight stories, each formed of arches supported by columns, the several stories being divided by ornamental cornices. Being unconnected with the neighboring buildings, it was probably intended to be used as a belfry. Notwithstanding its inclination, and the fact that seven hundred years have elapsed since the erection of the structure, it has withstood the ravages of time with more than ordinary success, exhibiting at the present time hardly any perceptible sign of decay. It would seem that the tower has not always presented the peculiar appearance which it has now assumed, for in the Campo Santa, a neighboring burial-ground, the cloisters of which are ornamented with curious paintings on stucco, there exists a representation of the tower in an upright position. These paintings are supposed to have been executed about 1300, more than one hundred years after the tower was built; so that it may be considered pretty certain that the inclination was caused by the gradual sinking of the earth, as is the case with those at Bologna, in the same country. The taller of these latter, that of Asinelli, was built in 1109. It is over three hundred feet high, and has been stated to incline two feet and a half. It may be ascended from the interior by five hundred steps; and the summit commands an extensive view of the neighboring cities of Imola, Ferrara, and Modena. The lesser tower of the two, that of Garisendi or Garissnidi, compared by Dante to the stooping giant Antæus, is about one hundred and forty feet high, and deviates seven or eight feet from the perpendicular. It has been found by experiment that most lofty buildings of any antiquity are slightly inclined from an upright position. In Italy, besides those already mentioned, numerous other instances are to be found. The bell tower of St. Mary Zibenica, at Venice, leans; also towers at Ravenna, and between Ferrara and Venice.

The most remarkable leaning tower in Great Britain is that of Caerphilly Castle, Glamorganshire. Being but between seventy and eighty feet high, it is eleven feet out of the perpendicular. The castle of which the tower forms a part was built about 1221, and the canting of the tower is said to have been caused by an explosion of hot liquid metal used by the occupants of the castle to pour on the heads of their enemies, at a siege which took place in 1326. There are also leaning towers at Bridgenorth Castle, in Shropshire, and at Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire, both caused by the use of gunpowder during the civil war between King Charles and his Parliament.

Of churches with crooked spires the most noteworthy is the famous one at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire. It leans six feet toward the south, and four feet four inches toward the west, and its height is two hundred and thirty feet. So peculiar is the distorted appearance of this steeple that it is said to appear falling toward the spectator from whatever point he approaches it. The subject was fully discussed at a meeting of the Institute of British Architects in January 1855, and it was ascertained that the oak planks on which the frame-work of the spire rests are much decayed on one side; which is sufficient to cause the divergence from the perpendicular. The timbers also have the appearance of having been used in a green and unseasoned condition. The action of the sun upon the spire would therefore cause it to become crooked, and this may account for the distortion, without attributing it to design.

There used to be another example of a crooked spire, at the Church of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, which served as a landmark from the sea. Like Chesterfield spire, from whatever way viewed, it appeared awry. It was, however, taken down and rebuilt perpendicular about the commencement of the present century. Salisbury Cathedral spire is said to lean considerably from an upright position. There was a common tradition in Chichester some sixty or seventy years ago that the architect who built the cathedral having quarrelled with his foreman, the latter went to Salisbury and built the spire of the cathedral at that place, which he carried up more than four hundred feet, in order to outdo the work of his former master, which was only three hundred feet in height. There is, however, no truth in the tradition, as Chichester Cathedral was completed early in the twelfth century, and Salisbury not until the thirteenth. Lowestoft steeple is crooked, which is attributed to the warping of the lead-covered timber of which it is constructed. In the Lincolnshire fens, Spalding Church spire used to lean so much that it was in great danger of tumbling down. Four miles from Spalding is Surfleet Church, whose steeple, on account of the marshy ground on which it is built, inclines in a frightful manner toward the west. So alarming is the appearance of this singular building, that travellers have frequently dismounted from their horses, afraid lest the steeple should fall on them. Another example is Weston Church, also in this neighborhood. It too has for many years leaned very perceptibly to the west. On Sunday evening, February 8, 1835, Linthwaite Church, near Huddersfield, was struck by lightning, and without any of the stones being shattered, the spire was bent out of the perpendicular so as to incline toward the church. The tower of the Temple Church, Bristol, leans nearly four feet from the upright, and has by sinking separated from the church. Its appearance is unpleasant and somewhat alarming, but it has been examined from time to time to test its security. The steeple of Glasgow Cathedral has an inclination toward the southwest, commencing at the highest battlement, perhaps thirty or forty feet from its top. It was struck by lightning in 1756.

As a last instance, we will give the case of Wybunbury Church, Cheshire, the tower of which used to lean about five feet toward the northeast. The inclination of this tower having exhibited a slight increase from year to year, it was resolved in 1834, so dangerous had it then become, to take it down and have it rebuilt. Fortunately, however, before this was commenced, a Mr. Trubshaw having made an examination of the building, undertook to set it right again without pulling it down. By a simple and ingenious process he accomplished his object; and the tower was restored to its perpendicular so safely that not a single stone of the fabric was injured; and it has ever since been perfectly secure and perfectly upright.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FOR many years there has been a steadily increasing encroachment upon the streets and sidewalks of our city by private individuals, chiefly merchants, owners of stands and booths, and small venders of various wares. The obstructions had become so numerous as not only to render the streets most unsightly, but the travel through them difficult and often dangerous. In many sections of the city the sidewalks were so encumbered with boxes, bales, barrels, show-cases, goods spread out for exhibition, carts, wagons, etc., that there remained little space for the passage of the unfortunate public, who, according to a recent decision in the Supréme Court, are "entitled to the full and free use of all the territory embraced within the limits of a street in its length and breadth;" and, furthermore, the decision states that streets "include the sidewalks."

Since the passage of what is known as the "Charter of 1873," there has been constant conflict between the Board of Aldermen and the Mayor of the city and the Commissioner of Public Works in regard to the power of the former to grant permission to obstruct streets and sidewalks. The Aldermen have issued numerous permits for using the sidewalks for private purposes, and the Commissioner of Public Works has ordered their removal. Hence arose confusion and all manner of trouble. Finally matters were carried into the Supreme Court, and after a deliberation long enough, one would think, to discover the law and justice of the subject, a decision was obtained which it is hoped will cause the speedy removal of all unsightly and inconvenient obstructions in our streets. The Bureau of Incumbrances—a branch of the Department of Public Works—has promptly commenced the work of clearing the sidewalks, giving suitable notice to all trespassers upon public premises, and in due time a wonderful improvement may be expected throughout the city.

It is probable that the cental system will go into operation so quietly that this important revolution in trade will be accomplished without derangement of commercial interests. In the New York Produce Exchange the necessary revision of rules of the trade to adapt them to the cental system has been made. A resolution has been adopted by the Exchange requesting the Board of Managers to postpone the date of the operation of the cental system from October 1 to January 1, 1880, so as to avoid confusion. The railroads now carry grain by the hundred pounds, but the lake and canal boats carry it by the bushel, and changes so late in the season might cause confusion in the bills of lading.

The statue erected at West Point to the memory of General Custer was unveiled on August 30 in the presence of a great throng of interested spectators. The figure, executed by Wilson MacDonald, is a portrait of the officer in his last, fatal fight, and is eight feet high. The granite pedestal is nine feet in height, and on the four sides of its die are three medallions and a tablet. The front medallion represents General Custer on horseback, in characteristic costume.

The young princes across the ocean are growing in knowledge as well as in stature. The eldest son of the Prince of Wales—Prince Albert Victor—is about to enter the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich as a Queen's cadet. His younger brother, Prince George, will probably study further for the navy at the Royal College at Greenwich, and share the royal residence at Greenwich Park with Prince Victor. The recent retirement of Prince William of Prussia, eldest son of the German Crown Prince, and her Majesty's eldest grandson, from the University of Bonn, was made the occasion of a students' *fête* on a grand scale, in which the native population joined with much spirit.

By the law of Pennsylvania—as well as by the law of many other States—institutions devoted to charitable, religious, and educational purposes are exempt from taxation. An important legal decision was lately rendered in Philadelphia, resulting from the intention of the tax-collector to sell the building of the Young Men's Christian Association for taxes, from which act he was prevented by a suit brought by the Association. It was contended that as the Association had stores on the ground-floor of its building, which were rented, thus bringing in an income, it could not be called a strictly philanthropic or charitable institution. But the Court decided that the general purpose of the society was the moral and religious improvement of young men, which certainly was strictly a benevolent one, and that the fact of its receiving fees of membership or an income from rented property did not alter that fact, but that it could hold as exempt from taxes only the property used in benevolent labors. So the collector was allowed to assess a fair tax on the stores, etc., but the library, reading-rooms, and everything devoted to the special uses of the Association itself were to be exempt from taxation. This decision is of much interest to all bodies engaged in philanthropic and Christian labors.

The Zugspitze, the highest of the Bavarian Alps—9840 feet—was the scene of a fatal accident a short time ago. Three ladies made the ascent under the direction of a skillful guide, who had himself ascended about two hundred and fifty times. When they were coming down, a snow-storm caught them. One of the ladies became ill, and was carried by the guide a considerable distance. While thus engaged he stumbled and fell. Both his arms were broken, and his head, coming in contact with a rock, was badly cut. The ladies hurried down the mountain and procured help. But he was then unconscious from loss of blood, and after a few hours expired.

A well-known English photographer, Captain Abney, has succeeded in obtaining pictures of the solar spectrum in its natural colors both on silver plates and on compounds of silver held in place by collodion. The photographs are produced by oxidation of silver compounds when placed in the spectrum, the coloring matter being due apparently to a mixture of two different sizes of molecules of the same chemical composition, one of which absorbs at the blue end and the other at the red end of the spectrum, and the sizes of the molecules are unalterable while exposed to the same wave lengths as those by which they were produced. Captain Abney believes that the colors may be preserved unchanged when exposed to ordinary daylight.

Reports made by an inspector of the New York Health Board show that unless important sanitary improvements in regard to the drainage system and water supply are made on Coney Island, it will before long cease to be a health resort.

Hard times continue to reign in England. Reduction of wages of employés is very wide-spread, and seems to be the necessary result of the state of business.

No wonder the streets of our city seemed suddenly alive with children on the morning of September 1. There are 305 school-houses in New York, and last year the average attendance was about 120,000, and considerable increase is expected this coming year. And all these schools opened on the 1st of September.

Not only do children appear plenty when September comes, but so also do oysters. Having fasted from them for four months, everybody seems eager for this favorite bivalve as soon as the month comes in which occurs an "r." It is said, however, that people need not have such a universal fear of oysters in the summer—that there are several varieties which, if properly treated, are better during that season than at any other time of the year.

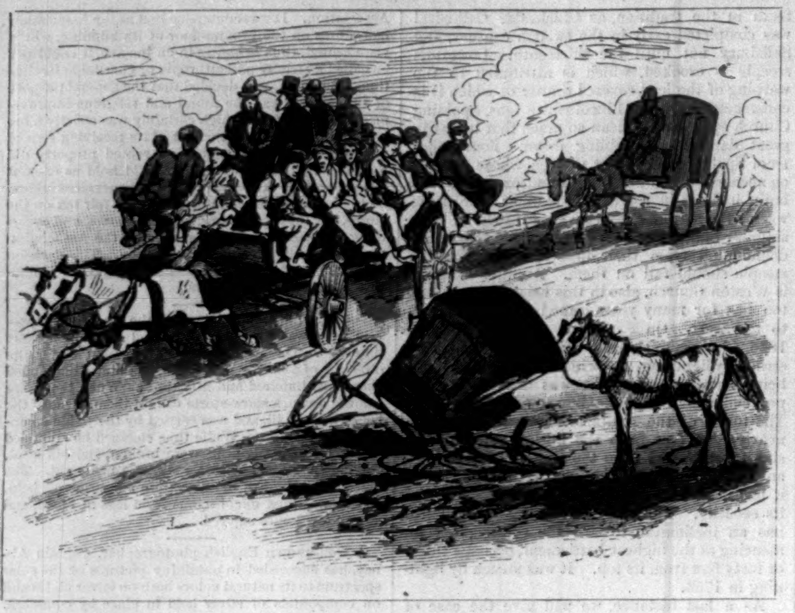
The Oneida Community has formally abandoned what it has called its system of "complex marriage," but will maintain the other communistic views for which it has been noted, in regard to property, business, etc. The leaders of the community have been brought to abandon the most offensive part of their system in consequence of public opinion, and in expectation of legislation which would compel this change.

Saratoga, usually gay and frivolous in summer-time, has experienced a temporary change. During the meeting there of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, involving the presence of something like a thousand scientific men, conversation at the hotels took a turn toward geology instead of politics, biology instead of fashion, electricity instead of social scandal. The scientific papers read—many of them being upon topics of great popular interest, and presented by distinguished scientists—were received with earnest attention. On the last day of the session Mr. Edison gave a very interesting account of his experiments with platinum, throwing much light upon new properties of this metal which have been developed under his peculiar treatment. The Association has fixed upon Boston as the place of meeting next year.

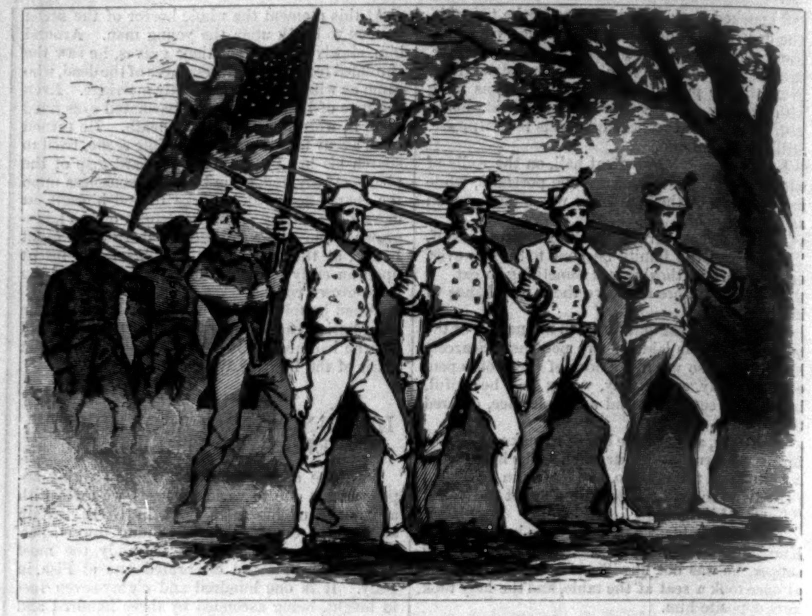
The recent destruction of the gigantic captive balloon at Paris is explained by the aeronauts Godard and Darbois as resulting from the sudden condensation of the hydrogen occasioned by the low temperature following the great heat.

At a recent examination in one of the mission schools at Pekin, China, a Chinese boy repeated the entire New Testament—so it is reported—without missing a single word or making a mistake. Of course we are not to doubt the truth of this statement, only we fancy that if this recitation occurred at one single session, many mistakes might easily have passed unnoticed. This memorizing boy is said to be now engaged in committing Dr. Martin's *Evidences of Christianity*.

Early in August letters were received in Stockholm from Professor Nordenskjöld containing detailed accounts of the Swedish arctic expedition down to February 20 of the present year. The *Vega* had become entangled in the ice when not more than 150 miles from Behring Strait, and it was necessary to winter in the arctic regions. Many of the friends of the Swedish explorer had feared that the *Vega* was lost when the time for her appearance in Japan passed and no more news of her came. So a relief steamer was sent out from Sweden, going by way of the Suez Canal for Behring Strait. This vessel—the *Nordenskjöld*—sailed from Japan not far from the very time that the above-mentioned letters were received in Stockholm, and was wrecked off the eastern coast of Japan, near the island of Jesso. No lives were lost, it is said. The letters from Professor Nordenskjöld expressed the hope that the *Vega* would escape from the ice in June, and be able to proceed on her way to Japan, where she did arrive September 2.



ON THE WAY TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.



THE ATHENS CONTINENTALS—A DUSTY MARCH.

ON THE NEWTOWN BATTLE-GROUND.

THE hundredth anniversary of the battle of Newtown was celebrated at Elmira, in this State, on the 29th of August. Large numbers of people were attracted to the spot, and not less than 20,000 were gathered on the hill where the battle was fought, about four miles from the city. At ten o'clock in the morning a civic and military procession left Elmira for the battle-ground, marching along a dusty road and under a burning sun. General Sherman was in the line. His carriage was surrounded by old soldiers, who came from all the counties in the neighborhood to see and greet him. Among others in the line were Governor Natt Head, of New Hampshire, and staff; Governor Robinson and staff; Governor Henry Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, and staff; General Van Vliet, Quartermaster-General of the United States Army; Generals Potter, Poe, Wright, and Slocum; Admiral Ammen, United States Navy; Colonel Tourtellotte, of General Sherman's staff, and others.

The monument, which stands on the summit of the hill, near the base of which the exercises of the day were conducted, was unveiled with Masonic ceremonies. After the recitation of a poem and the delivery of several addresses at the main stand, General Sherman was called upon for a speech. He responded as follows:

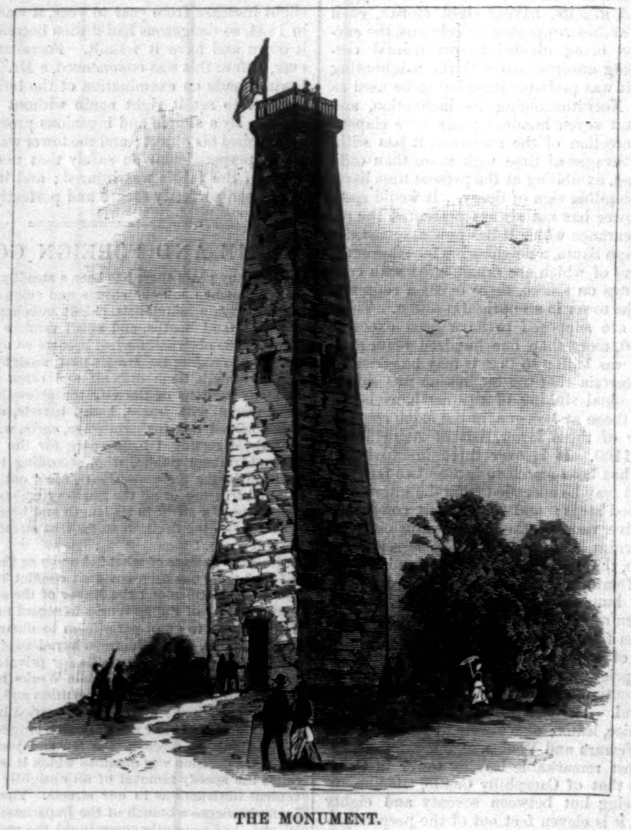
"Thank you for the manifestation of pleasure at my presence here. I am aware that these manifestations are not on my own account, but rather on account of my being a representative of the army. It gives me pleasure to meet many of my old comrades of former years, who were with me upon the battle-field, looking so hale and hearty. May they live to be present at the next and at succeeding Sullivan celebrations! I was not here myself on the real Sullivan expedition, nor do I expect to be here at the next Sullivan centennial; but, my friends, we are all at work. Ever since the first white man landed upon this continent there has been a battle in progress. We are at war to-day—a war between civilization and savages. When we first came to this continent we founded an empire based upon new principles, and all opposition to it had to pass away, whether from the English or French on the north, or the Indians to the west; and no one knew it better than our father—Washington. He gave Sullivan orders to come here and punish the Six Nations for their cruel massacre at Wyoming, and to punish them so severely that the outrage should not occur again.

"Sullivan obeyed his orders like a man and like a soldier, and the result was that from that time your people began to settle in these beautiful valleys all around you. And now look at their descendants, numbering almost a million. If it had not been for Sullivan and the men who followed him, and Clinton's force from Albany, it is probable that some of you would not be here to-day. Battles are not measured by their death-roll, but by their results. It makes no difference whether one man or five hundred men are killed, if the same results follow."

The General here digressed, and advised young men of energy and ambition to go West, buy farms, and grow up with the country. He then resumed:

"You have come here to-day to consecrate this battle-field. You who are here will be better men because you have come to celebrate this day. You are still upon a battle-field, though only four men fell since liberty and law were the issues of that fight. Wherever your flag floats, whether it be here, or on the Mississippi, or on the Rocky Mountains, liberty shall prevail, and law preserve the rights of the Indian, the negro, and the white man. All shall be free, independent, and equal."

The day closed with a display of fire-works, and a reception given to the prominent strangers in the city at the new Masonic Hall.

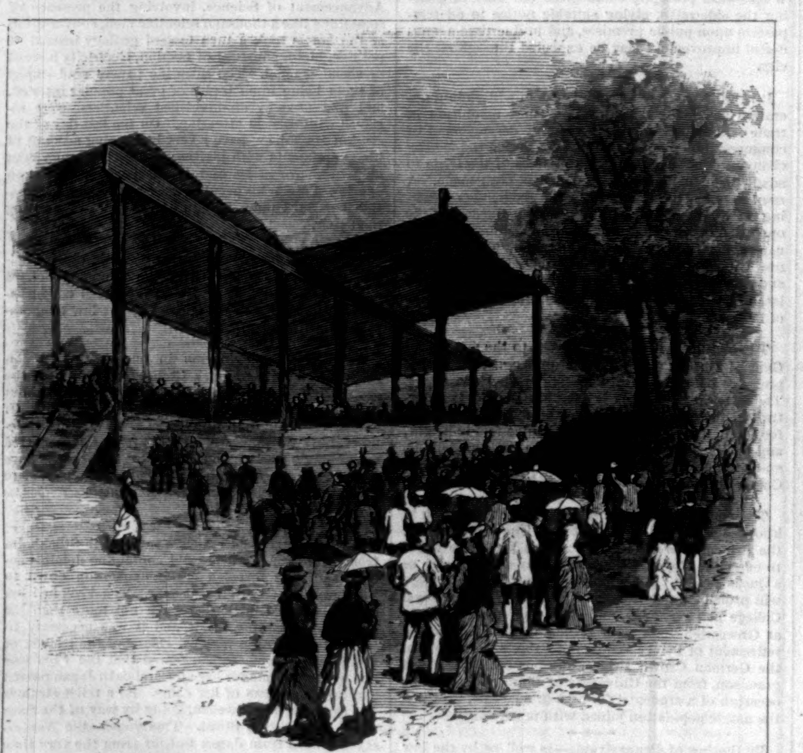


THE MONUMENT.

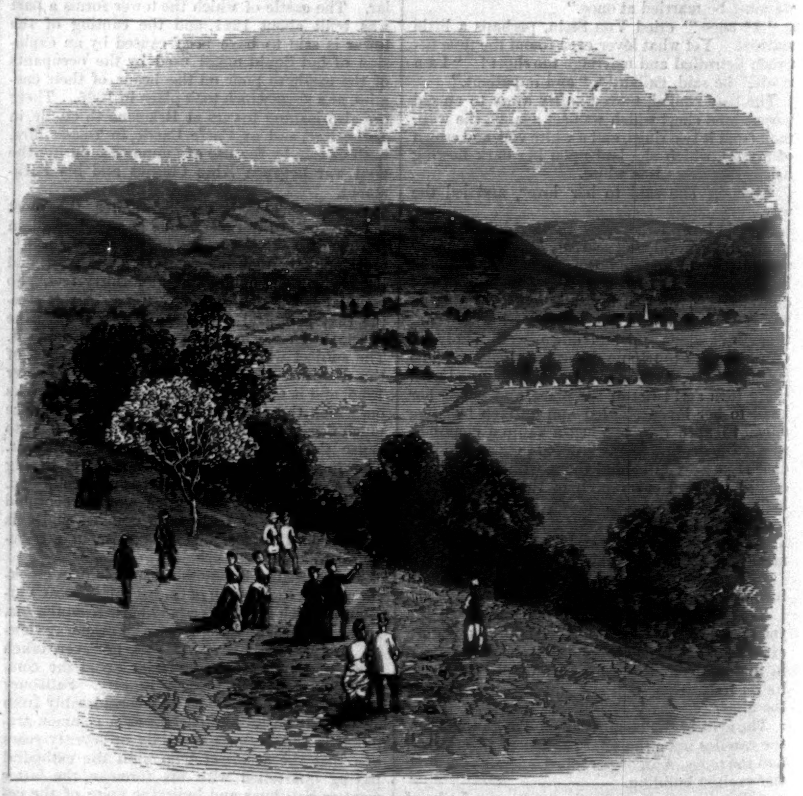
THE PARIS BOULEVARDS.

THE boulevards of Paris never fail to awaken enthusiasm among writers who undertake to describe the wonders of the French capital. J. J. JARVES, in an article contributed many years ago to *Harper's Magazine*, says of them that they may be compared to the beautiful setting of a valuable gem; and EDWARD KING heads a chapter upon these magnificent thoroughfares with "The World in a Walk," because, as he says, "Summer and winter, spring and autumn, Paris presents a panorama of all races on its pave, just as it presents all types of circumstance, happiness, and suffering; because the first impression to a stranger bursting upon the shifting wonders of the boulevards is that he has at last found the universal city, the Utopia of the man of the world."

Paris owes her boulevards to the most luxurious monarch and the most consistent lover of splendor and brilliant surrounding who has ever occupied a modern throne. When the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1668, convinced LOUIS XIV. that his capital was safe for some time to come, the great king pulled down the fortifications of the city, and laid off the space they had occupied in a series of magnificent streets, which were called *boulevarts*, or bulwarks—the name indicating the use to which the ground had been put. The true or interior boulevards were begun in 1670, when the old walls of the city were destroyed. They extend from the Madeleine to the Bastile, and are the most popular and crowded streets in the city. When first laid out, they were thickly planted with shade trees. These trees remained un-

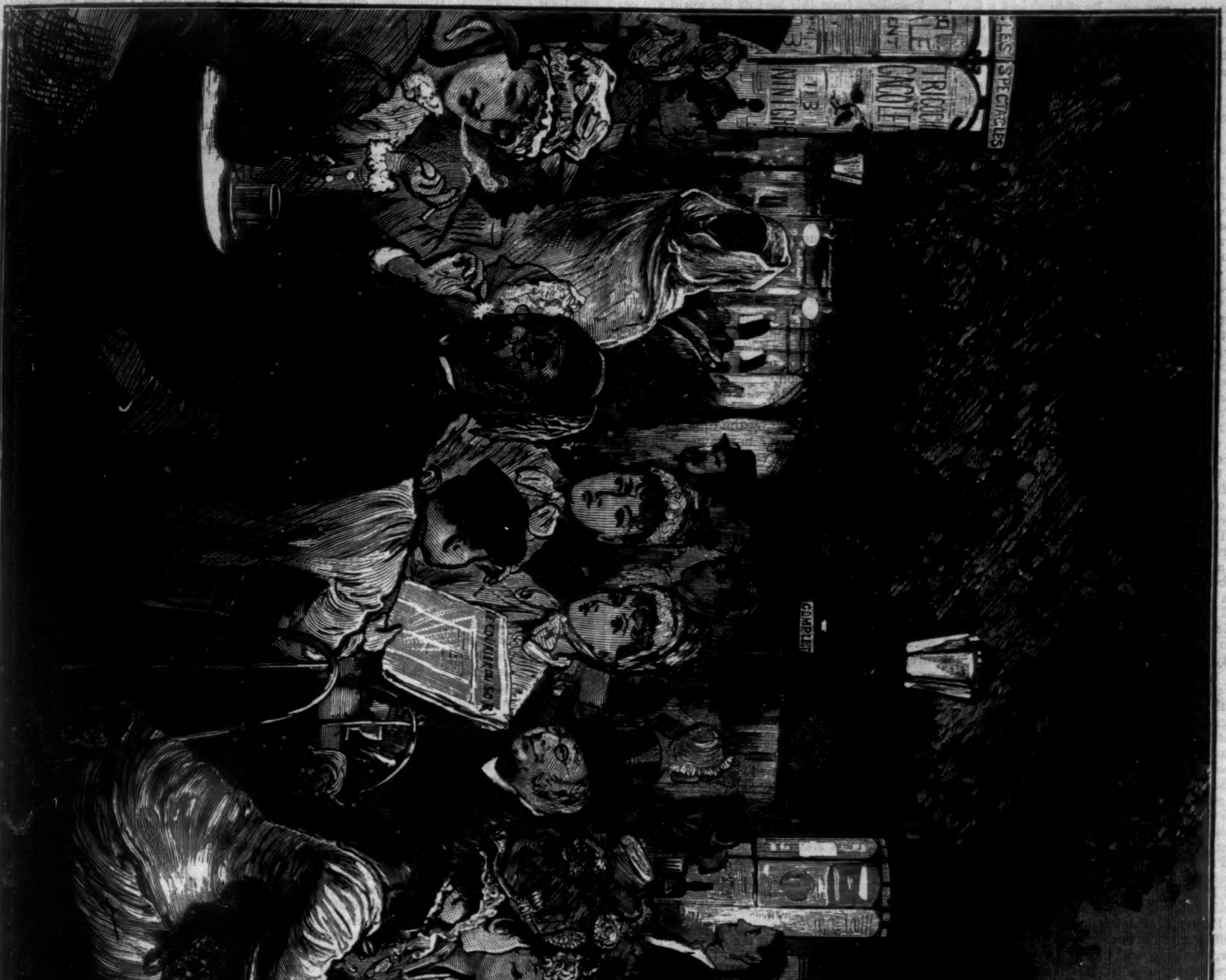


THE GRAND STAND.



THE BATTLE-FIELD.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF NEWTOWN.—FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.



THE PARIS BOULEVARDS.

disturbed until the revolution of 1830, when they were cut down to form barricades. Others were planted after the restoration of order, but they shared the fate of their predecessors in 1848, after which the authorities, profiting by the double lesson, refrained from planting any more.

At all hours of the day and night the boulevards are thronged with vehicles and pedestrians. Along their circuitous course circulates the gay and brilliant life of the metropolis. Not that these celebrated avenues are uniformly fashionable, although uniformly broad and spacious, shaded with trees, and bounded on either side by buildings whose architectural beauties might well excite the envy of less favored capitals. Commencing at the central point of attraction, the Madeleine, they stretch away on their winding course around what constituted the city of the "well-beloved" Louis, at every turn baptized anew with names that have now grown classical, sweeping over the site of the Bastile, southerly then westerly encircling the Latin Quarter, the Luxembourg, and the Faubourg St. Germain, sidling by the Invalides, until they are arrested by the Seine and Champs Élysées, which separate them from the spot whence we started. Condensed within this circuit are the extremes of all that makes life desirable or burdensome. Wealth that would astonish Crœsus, luxury that would have driven Lucullus to despair, and misery sufficient to people hell with woe.

The width of the boulevards doubles and in places trebles that of our own Broadway, giving ample scope for those who go on foot. Besides, a Parisian crowd flows on as easily and as noiselessly as a river. The doctrine of individual rights irrespective of sex is scrupulously regarded, and any physical infringements atoned for by a prompt apology that leaves behind it no more uncomfortable reminiscence than the politeness of the unintentional offender. Once the bulwarks of Paris, the boulevards have become its parterre of fashion. The scene is ever in keeping with its purposes as the focus of Parisian life. Morning and evening regiments march by, preceded by bands, from whose instruments swells a loud chorus of inspiring strains. The unrivalled airs of the opera here greet the ear of this mingling tide of nations. Ambassadors and princes, the nobility and bankers of Europe, they to whom fortune has suddenly entered their doors, to be as speedily thrown out of the windows, here do congregate to exhibit their style, to outshine all competitors, and to levy the indispensable tribute of envy and eye-worship. Costume is not here confined, as in Broadway or Regent Street, to the same graceless hat and dull black cloth, varied only in the first by the butterfly attire of the "ladies" of creation, and in the latter by their inextinguishable bad taste, but comprises the flowing Arab robe, the stately Ottoman turban, the decorations and uniforms of every order and army in Europe—all that is strange or picturesque in provincial or national garb, and all that is tasteful and charming in female attire.

The contrasts in the life of the boulevards are as striking as in that of a human being. They have their grave and gay moments; their chaste and licentious hours; their solitude and their tumult. At seven o'clock in the morning all is silent. The shops are shut; the very hackmen are dozing on their boxes. A footstep resounds ominously on the pavement. By eight o'clock a few carriages are in motion, porters begin to stir, occasional workmen in blouses go merrily singing to their toil. At nine o'clock the sidewalks are washed and brushed, shop windows opened, the grisettes begin to appear, and an occasional frock-coat, but evidently as much out of its element as a fresh-caught flounder. Even at ten o'clock Parisian households are like so many oysters in their shells. At eleven the world of business stirs; at mid-day the boulevards breakfast, and the buyers begin to inspect the windows, and tax the endurance of clerks. The shops of Paris are, of course, its great glory in feminine eyes. They are as brilliant as mirrors, gilding, and the industrial wonders of a world can make them. In regard to the vexed question of opening them on Sunday, one traveller who visited Paris some years ago tells the story of a proprietor who announced the conclusion he had arrived at by the following notice inscribed on his shutters: "To obviate the inconvenience which, as the times run, happens too often, that persons come from a distance sometimes on Sundays and holidays to knock perseveringly at our doors to purchase our merchandise, this is to give notice that we open our shop only on the six working-days of the week, the seventh being consecrated to repose, as was done by our fathers without interruption, ordered by tradition and the Decalogue dictated by the Almighty unto Moses on Mount Sinai. Inheriting the religious faith and practices of our ancestors, we follow strictly the line they have dictated to us, without deviating an iota." That a restaurateur of Paris should close his doors, from religious principle, on Sunday, evinces a remarkable sacrifice of pecuniary interest; but to find a sermon in an indelible inscription on his window-shutters is an evidence of moral courage that the visitor scarcely looks for in pleasure-loving Paris.

As the day passes on the boulevards, shopping gives way to dining. The café is an institution peculiar to Paris—a combination of restaurant and bar-room, with the more objectionable features of the latter left out. As dinner-time comes, the hungry world is in rapid circulation, dividing its attention and purse between the localities so firmly fixed in the gastronomic memory of every *gourmand*. Cheap dinners are not to be had under the shadow of the "Maison Dorée," that wilderness of gilding and bizarre finish, nor yet within the Café Cardinal; for these the more democratic shades of the Palais Royal must be sought, shunning the Scylla of Véry's and the Trois Frères Provençaux, which have shipwrecked as many purses as any other of their tribe in more brilliant localities. The *dined* now fill the chairs on the sidewalks at two sous each, in front of the Café de Paris and other kindred quarters, sipping black coffee and clear brandy, eating ices, or drinking beer, gossiping and gazing in the intervals. They are soon joined by their families, women and children, as much at home in the open air as any Englishman in his "castle." Gas now adds its light to the brilliant scene, and reflectors outside of the shop windows pour their concentrated brilliancy upon gems and jewels that rival any in store in Aladdin's cave.

Paris at night is magic, and the boulevards present a scene of enchantment. In the summer no one thinks of sitting in-doors, and the boulevards are lined with little tables and with chairs. Persons of all classes sit here smoking, drinking, chatting, reading the journals. Here is true democracy—the veriest social equality to be seen in Christendom. The utmost good humor prevails on all sides, and the truest courtesy is extended by one to another. A Frenchman holds that it is not only the right but the duty of every man to enjoy himself to the extent of his capacity, and the aristocrat feels that at the *café* his right is based solely upon the foundation upon which the workman rests his, that is, his ability to pay for his pleasure. Nothing can possibly be more interesting or more brilliant than these brightly lighted streets, with their gorgeous *cafés*, their crowds of pleasure-seekers sitting or strolling about, scores of splendid equipages dashing by, and the whole air musical with laughter and merry voices. But what astonishes an American most is the length of time a Frenchman takes to swallow a cup of coffee. A Parisian will scarcely touch anything he can not spend at least an hour over. Some years ago an enterprising Yankee opened a genuine American soda fountain on the Boulevard des Italiens. At first, being a novelty, it was well patronized, and the hopes of the proprietor rose high; but his custom suddenly waned as rapidly as it had come. He tried various plans for reviving his trade, but without success. The reason of his failure is plain to all who know the people he had to deal with. The Parisians did not object to the soda-water; on the contrary, they were much pleased with it. They found, however, that to enjoy it they must drink it at once. This set them to thinking. A glass of soda-water cost the same as a cup of coffee. There were no tables on the boulevard at which to sit and drink it, no journals to read while sipping it, and finally no sugar to eat, or matches wherewith to light cigars. These were great objections, and he of the soda-water could not be expected to surmount them.

One thing the boulevards lack with which nearly all of Paris is teeming. Their historical associations are of a recent date and comparative insignificance. Fieschi has given an assassin's celebrity to the house No. 50 on the Boulevard du Temple, and in that of the Capucines we gaze with mournful interest upon the hôtel once occupied by Madame Du Barri. It was here, while on her way to her execution, that she asked the driver of the fatal cart to pause for a moment, that she might once more view that beautiful monument of her pride and her shame. While death was counting the few remaining moments of her life, she was looking regretfully back upon the deceptive pleasures of her sensuous career.

Travellers from this part of the world are occasionally prone to institute a comparison between our own Broadway and the boulevards of Paris. This, Mr. Jarves, who also suggests a means by which the likeness might be arrived at which will be rather startling to property owners, disposes of in the following manner. He says: "The former is certainly a very respectable avenue, fringed with many fine buildings, and as dirty and confused as the most devoted Gothamite could desire. Such diversity in costume and equipage as republican simplicity or aristocratic taste admit are seen here. Female beauty and vanity and male coxcombry have chosen it for their favorite kingdom; rags and mendicity dog their steps and haunt its corners. The shops are rich in display, but lacking in taste, and there is a universal hurry, roar of omnibuses, rush of pedestrians, dust in dry weather and mud in wet weather, that make the denizen of Fifth Avenue or the rural citizen as much rejoiced to escape from its whirl as the seamen of Norway from the perilous Maelstrom of his inhospitable coast. To saunter in Broadway is out of the question. A walk is but a succession of jostlings, elbow chafings, or a hoisting and contorting of the body, and active use of the nether members to avoid collision, that leaves one by the time he has arrived at the Battery very much under the impression that he has been stretched upon the rack to test its excruciating powers. A peep into a shop window is an invitation to a pick-pocket; to cross the street requires as much skill as to conduct 'the retreat of the ten thousand;' and to get home again, sound in wind and whole in purse, after having undergone the gauntlet of its innumerable perils, is as much a matter of devout thanksgiving as to escape being boiled, burned, or drowned in a steamboat trip up the Hudson."

The late Emperor Napoleon III. introduced many changes in the map of Paris. Under his direction broad boulevards were run through almost every part of the city. Narrow alleys gave way to wide and splendid avenues, winding streets were replaced by straight thoroughfares; and although many ancient, historical, and picturesque buildings were sacrificed, it can not be denied that Paris gained immensely by the change in respect to healthfulness, convenience, and beauty. No other city in the world can boast of so many magnificent avenues; and of no other can it be said that if you wish to understand its people, and gain a true insight into their life and character, you must study them as you find them in the crowded boulevards.

"CAREST THOU NOT?"

Carest Thou not? O Thou that givest life,
  Carest Thou not? who art the love Thou teachest,
While half Thy children perish in the strife,
  For lack of the sweet charity Thou preachest.
The eye that sees, the heart that longs and yearns,
  For beauty, wealth, and calm of golden hours;
Or Thou, or Nature, gave the brain that burns,
  The mind that chafes to use its latent powers.

Caught in the bitter net of circumstance,
  We strive and faint amid each baffling fold,
While careless fingers take or miss the chance,
  Or idle with the precious thing they hold;
And favored darlings of the world look down
  From the fair height by fate or birthright given,
Wondering to see how under fortune's frown
  Along steep paths our tired feet are driven.

Carest Thou not? our prized ambitions fail.
  Our dearest droop, in dull days shadowed too,
Their young eyes forced to read the weary tale,
  While their vain struggles our past pangs renew.
We fain would see, and save, and live, and laugh;
  Fain would have honest heart and open hand;
Ah! hope and love make but a breaking staff,
  When 'mid our shattered dreams alone we stand.

Carest Thou not, O Lord? old age creeps on,
  Blighting each lingering bloom we dare to cherish;
A little while, and the last day is done.
  Carest Thou not, O Lord, because we perish?
Oh, stretch the right hand, strong to stay and save!
  Speak, through wild winds above, wild seas beneath;
Say, despite failing life and opening grave,
  "Why will ye doubt, O ye of little faith?"

QUIET SEA-SIDE RESORTS.

There must be something rather disingenuous in the fondness which people on the other side of the Atlantic profess to feel for quiet watering-places; for whenever a group of holiday tourists settle down into one of those tranquil resorts, the first thing they do is to complain of its dullness, and their next step is to try and make it lively. French people especially are like fish out of water in any place where there is no music and dancing; so even if you repair to the least known among the sea-bathing towns to be seen on any French map, you are pretty sure to find there a casino, or "Etablissement des Bains," with a band playing every afternoon, and a ball going on once or twice a week. It is the same in Belgium, except that there the casinos are called kursaals—a name which offers a vague suggestion, often verified, of gambling conducted in a private room. The casinos, or kursaals, are assembly-rooms where one can read the papers, hear music, dance after 8 P.M., and play écarté at all times with strange gentlemen who seem to spend eight hours out of every day in "holding hands" against chance comers. The proprietors of these rooms are always men noted for the most sordid avarice, judging by what the subscribers say of them. They never supply all the newspapers that are wanted, they keep the piano in the music-room out of tune, and they sell refreshments of the vilest quality. Yet everybody goes to the casino, because it is the thing to do. Men lounge there in the morning; ladies must be seen there in the afternoon; and children romp there at all hours, to the disgust of the elderly ladies and gentlemen who monopolize the best arm-chairs in the reading-room, and who get an additional cause for a good grumble when they find hoops and India rubber balls trundled into their *buen-retiro*. Grumbling appears to be the general key-note of conversation in quiet watering-places. Nobody is satisfied with the hotels, the lodging-houses, or the *tables d'hôte;* rapine and extortion are said to be the watch-words of the trades-people, the servants, and the attendants at the bathing-machines; and even the donkeys on the beach come in for a share of the general animadversion. Unhappily there is often truth in some of these invectives; for the smallest bathing towns are by no means, as a rule, the cheapest. In the large towns, where there is a good deal of society, and where the visitors get easily divided into sets, quiet people can live secluded without attracting notice; but in those small resorts where everybody knows everybody, unsociability is a characteristic much resented. One person of authority and judiciously firm temper may, indeed, by his example give a tone of good manners and quiet living to a whole place; but in most cases where one person tries to resist the restless spirits of the other visitors, he gets loathed as a killjoy. A few scores of idle people grumbling together every day get pervaded by a leaven of discontent which ends by fermenting. Then some jovial busybody, taking advantage of the general complaints about dullness, starts up to propose festive schemes, which are assented to with gratitude by the persons who really do feel bored, and with resignation by the others who have not the moral courage to say "No." A picnic is attempted, and proves a success; another follows, and is spoiled by the rain; then comes a ball. After a short brisk course of these merry-makings, which are pleasant enough for young ladies and bachelors, paterfamilias and his wife begin to reckon that they are paying rather more for their amusements than they would do at Dieppe or Brighton. A guinea here, a guinea there, one's share in the expenses of picnics, char-à-bancs, ball-room refreshments, and the rest of it, make up pretty heavy taxes for a family budget. Besides, one must go to the theatre, and pay pretty stiffly for stalls or boxes. In large towns, families go to the theatre or not as they please; but in small towns, where an operetta troupe comes down to give just half a dozen performances and no more, the play-bill becomes the staple subject of conversation, and paterfamilias can not escape the obligation of taking his young people to the theatre, "where everybody else is going," unless he will frankly plead that he is stingy—always a trying confession. To make matters worse, the prices of lodgings and necessaries are really quite as high in small towns as in large ones. You can get rooms as cheap at Dieppe as at Deauville if you care to look for them; and as to dinners, there is seldom in a small town the choice between more than a couple of places at which to dine—both being anything but cheap hotels; whereas in large towns there are a multitude of establishments to select from. There must be nearly always dearness where there is no competition; and the rising small town which is as full of visitors as it can hold is, as a rule, far better suited to persons with long purses than to persons with short purses who, professing to like quiet, are really in quest of economy. The truly quiet places are those which scarcely soar above the dignity of fishing villages, which have no casinos, and which can not accommodate more than a score of visitors. But enterprising speculators have so prospected the different coasts with a view to finding hamlets which might be converted into havens of extravagance and festivity, that peaceful refuges of this sort have become too few to meet even such a small demand as exists for them.

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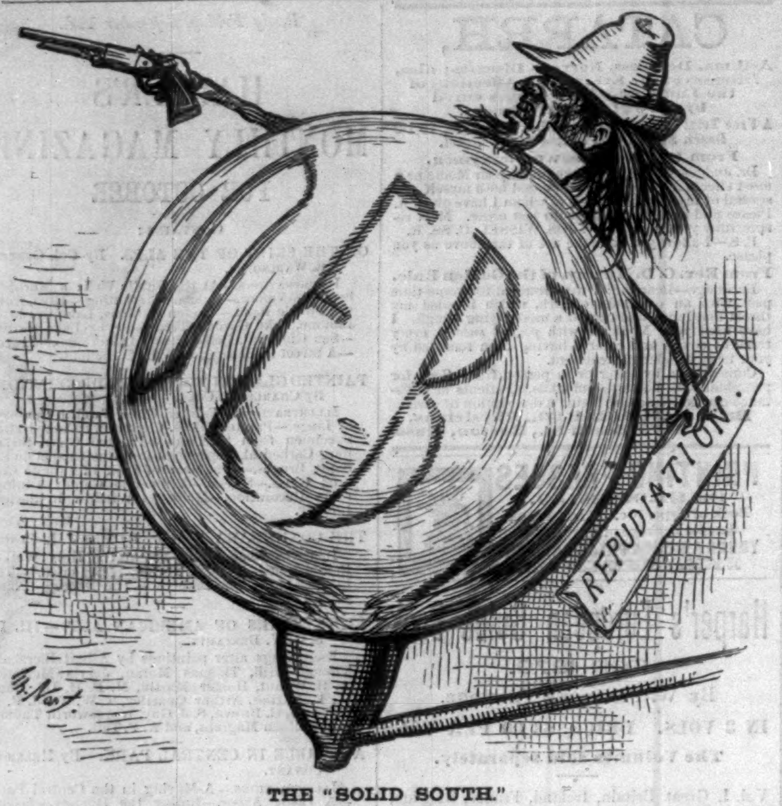

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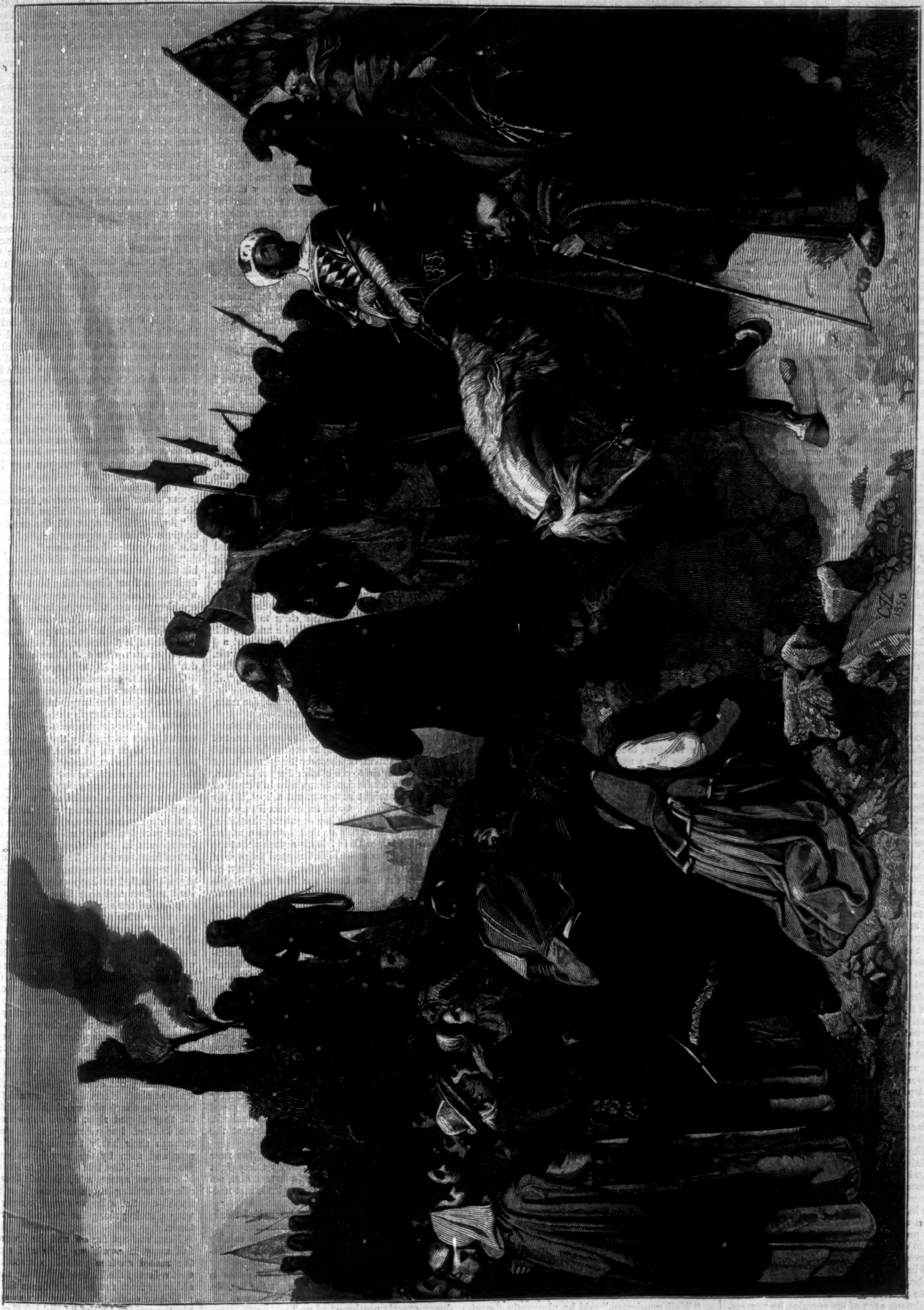

"THE MARTYRDOM OF HUSS."—FROM THE PAINTING BY C. F. LESSING.

LESSING'S PICTURES OF HUSS.

CARL FRIEDRICH LESSING, to whom the world is indebted for the original of the above engraving, is an artist who, if he has not founded a school, has at least done much toward enlarging the frontiers of one. It has been said that the school of Düsseldorf, when he entered it, was narrow and exclusive and essentially Romish; when he left it, it had become, in the best sense of the word, Catholic. LESSING'S father was the brother of the great GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, and an officer of the Prussian government. When his son was about twelve years of age, he placed him in the gymnasium of Breslau to study the natural sciences. Such was the boy's backwardness in the ordinary academical studies, that at the end of two years his teachers advised his father to allow him to follow his predilection for art, and become a painter. He was accordingly sent to the architectural school at Berlin to fit himself for an architect; but the instructions of Professors RÖSEL and DÄHLING aroused in him an invincible love for painting, and the production of a picture called "Church-Yard with Grave-Stones and Ruins" fixed his profession irrevocably.

This work produced a strong impression, and for a year or two the artist devoted himself to landscape; but coming under the influence of SCHADOW, he established himself in Düsseldorf, and studied historical painting with an enthusiasm and success which soon caused him to be considered the most promising pupil of the new German school of which that master was an exemplar. Within a few years he produced a number of spirited works. Subsequent to 1832 LESSING entered upon a new style of treatment, substituting for the severe spirit in which his previous works had been conceived an earnest realism and an affluence of fancy which severed him completely from the school of SCHADOW, VEIT, and their co-religionists. To landscape painting he also gave renewed attention, and some of his most imaginative works in this department of art are referred to this period of his life. His first important historical picture in the new style was "The Tyrant Ezzelino in Captivity refusing the Exhortation of the Monks." This was exhibited in 1838, and was followed by "Huss before the Council of Constance," "The Seizure of Pope Paschal II.," "The Martyrdom of Huss," and many others, under the influence of which the school of Düsseldorf has divested itself of the strictly Roman Catholic spirit by which it was previously characterized, and has adopted a bolder and more dramatic manner, and a greater freedom in the choice of subjects.

MR. ATKINSON, in an article contributed to the *Art Journal*, says of the artist: "LESSING lived and labored in a spirit of revolt. Born at Würtemberg in the year 1808, he became at the age of nineteen a student in the Academy of Düsseldorf, then under the direction of SCHADOW. The school of Düsseldorf, as organized by CORNELIUS, and disciplined by SCHADOW, was in those days, if not precisely priest-ridden, at any rate given over to sacerdotal and monastic art. Its disciples walked obediently in the steps of the old masters, and the pictures which issued forth from its studios were expressly after prescriptive mediæval types. In the previous papers of the present series I have confessed to sympathies inclining toward the high art which has thus been educed out of the master-works of the Middle Ages. Yet it were absurd to suppose that the creative powers of the mind can be forever circumscribed by narrow precedents set in ages of darkness and superstition, that the freedom of genius shall for all time be fettered by a Church against which some of the best intellects have rebelled, or that artists on whom the light of science and the liberty wrested by bold Biblical criticism have descended shall be manacled in fetters which were grievous even to those who believed that in servitude they did God service."

It was at this crisis, when things modern were ready for revolt against things mediæval, that Lessing rose into power. Endowed with talents which could scarcely fail under any circumstances to win prominent position, possessed of energy and courage that promised to crown warfare in victory, he entered on a strife which had for its end the enfranchisement of the arts. Opposition, of course, met him at the outset; it was not to be expected that the party in power would surrender without a struggle. The charges usually made in such cases were almost, as a matter of routine, directed against Lessing and his coadjutors. It was easy to say that these men were infidels, that they were bound under a socialistic pact. The answer to such imputation is fortunately ready: "By their fruits ye shall know them." The pictures Lessing has bestowed upon the world are not the works of an irreligious scoffer; they are not indited in the spirit of levity; they do not set at naught things honorable and of good report. Such compositions as "Huss Preaching," "Huss before the Council of Constance," and "The Martyrdom of Huss," whatever umbrage they may give to certain powers that be, are beyond doubt of a purpose solemn, earnest, and sincere. Such works, indeed, when rightly considered, can scarcely be received as less religious than the paintings of Madonnas and saints which too often have usurped, to the prejudice of pictures equally worthy, the privileged name of "Christian Art."

Certainly Lessing could have chosen no better subjects whereby to express the most magnificent triumphs of Christian faith and endurance than those furnished by events in the life of the great Bohemian reformer. The death of John Huss, as described by Gillett and other biographers and historians, was a scene the elevation and sublimity of which has rarely been surpassed on earth. The ceremony of degradation which preceded it is described as follows by an eye-witness. Huss was commanded to put on the sacerdotal dress, which lay on a table near by. This he did, merely observing, as he put on the surplice, "Jesus was also arrayed in white vestments, and sent to Herod, who set him at naught." When Huss was completely attired, seven bishops, who had been appointed for this special purpose, once more admonished him to save his life by changing his opinions. Huss answered them in the same touching manner in which he had formerly replied to Chlum and the Bishop of Ostia. Then there arose a universal cry: "Come down, thou obstinate heretic! come down!" He came down, when they immediately snatched the chalice from his hand, exclaiming: "Thou cursed Judas, who hast rejected all offers of peace, and hast taken counsel from the Jews, shame to thee! Behold! we herewith take from thee the cup of salvation and of redemption." Huss then replied: "I trust that God not only will not deprive me of it, but that He will suffer me to drink of it this very day in the company of Jesus." The seven then proceeded to strip him of his clerical ornaments one by one, accompanying the removal of each article by a special curse. When they were about to violate the priestly tonsure, a difference of opinion arose among the bishops, some requiring the scissors, others the razor, to be used. Huss then turned to the Emperor, who was hereby awakened from a torpor, and said, "My tormentors can not agree, it seems, on the method of tormenting me." At length, however, the scissors were determined on, and his tormentors having cut his hair in the form of a cross, said, "Now is he degraded from the sacred and honorable office of a priest, and from henceforth delivered to the secular powers to receive due punishment at their hands." A pointed paper cap was then exhibited on which three devils were painted, and the word "Arch-heretic" written. This cap Huss suffered them to place on his head, merely saying, "The crown of thorns was heavier and more painful to Jesus." The scene was concluded by his persecutors exclaiming, "We commit thy soul to Satan." "And I to the Lord," replied Huss.

At the conclusion of these ceremonies the Emperor delivered the prisoner from the hands of the priests into those of the Duke of Bavaria, by whom Huss was immediately led to the place of execution, previous to which, however, he was compelled to witness the burning of his own books in the church-yard. Huss stood still, smiling at the folly of imagining that the destruction of mere inanimate books would necessarily involve that of the doctrine written therein. According to the written testimony even of his enemies, he possessed to the last moment of his life an astonishing dauntlessness of spirit, giving friendly salutations to all around him, and assuring his attendants and spectators that, although a sacrifice to injustice and hatred, he yet willingly laid down his life for the truth. When arrived at an island in the Rhine, where there had assembled a large number of guards—eight hundred soldiers from the Palatinate, and more than one thousand of the militia of Constance—he knelt down and said, "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me. In Thee do I put my trust. O my rock and my fortress, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." The by-standers immediately gave utterance to a sudden feeling of sympathy, exclaiming, "This man is a Christian. He ought to have a confessor." This impulse was, however, soon repressed by the chaplain of St. Stephen, who, loitering on horseback amid the crowd, appeased the people by crying out, "Good people, the Church can not absolve heretics." The paper cap then falling from the head of the prisoner while praying, his tormentors rudely covered his face with it, saying, with a sneer, "It is meet that the devil and his servants should not be separated." Huss, however, besought his three jailers, near whom he accidentally found himself, to remove it.

This request was granted, and Huss thanked them for their act of humanity, in which, he said, they had shown themselves more like brothers than jailers. He was then placed with his back against the stake, and the different parts of his body were bound with six wet cords, besides which his neck and feet were fastened with an iron chain. A member of the council then present having remarked that the martyr was placed facing the east, he was, at the command of this person, turned toward the west, wood and straw being afterward piled round the stake up to the knees of the victim. An old peasant, thinking to propitiate Heaven, hastily brought wood, which he called "heretic's food." But Huss, on seeing this, was moved with pity for the man, and exclaimed, "O holy innocence!" The Duke of Bavaria then riding up to the stake in company with a marshal, and warning Huss not to leave the world without abjuring his errors, the reformer exclaimed, in a clear voice: "What errors must I abjure? I have ever taught according to God's word, and will still hold fast the truth which this very hour I shall seal with my death." Astonished at a firmness of which he had no conception, the duke clasped his hands over his head, and with his companion hastily fled away from the scene. The pile, which was set on fire at a given signal, was soon in flames, and the martyr no sooner beheld the blaze than he began to sing the first verse of an old hymn. After the words, "And take me to Thyself, to live with Thee forever," his voice was stifled by the smoke. For a few moments his lips still continued to move as if in prayer. His head then sunk upon his shoulders, and his pure spirit soared from the ashes of the martyr to the gate of heaven, leaving his fame to be forever still honored and cherished upon earth.

THE SUNKEN ROCK.

A TALE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By GEORGE CUPPLES,

Author of "The Green Hand."

I.—(*Continued.*)

The bells struck to mark half past seven; the whole crew were next minute crowding up and shuffling together in awkwardly ordered masses along both gangways: a double column of clean white trousers, blue jackets, and bearded faces, with the ship's name repeated brightly in front of every black-ribboned tarpaulin, while the cross-belted marines drew across before the quarter-deck. In five minutes more the tall, strong form of the captain emerged from the hatchway, the drums tapped and rolled, the arms of the marines clashed as they were presented, every sailor's hat was off, and the commander stood running his quick, bold eye forward along the crew, aloft to the ship's lofty spars and canvas, out to the blue waters and their horizon, then over the throng of men again.

"Pipe down, Mr. Sleighton," said he, "and let the men get breakfast over this morning as quickly as possible;" upon which he turned and walked back to the capstan.

The broad white awnings had been spread above the frigate's quarter-deck, and a knot or two of her various officers about the taffrail and the larboard or subordinate side seemed disposed to lounge a little till eight o'clock, but a hint from their commander's manner was sufficient to send all below to their respective breakfast-places, except a small party composed of the first, second, and third lieutenants, who stood on the opposite side of the capstan, waiting deferentially for orders, while the stout, gray-headed old sailing-master, with some rolled-up charts under his arm, remained close by. The decks were quiet, and otherwise deserted, save by the man at the wheel, a veteran quartermaster near him, a single sailor at the distant bows, and the two look-out men far aloft; the ship still forging slowly ahead through the water, and little else audible but the sound of its light surges plashing before the keel, melting liquidly away from it, and running back along her outer timbers, with the gently sweeping rustle of the festooned courses about the two lower-mast heads. Captain Grove also held a paper in his hand, which he began to unfold as he leaned his elbows on the capstan, signing to the group of officers to close in, where the broad round surface of that nautical machine, like a miniature of the larger natural circumference beyond, extended its brass-rimmed area within the circle.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, pleasantly, though with all the easy superiority of authoritative position, "I have a matter before us here which you will join me in managing—for in fact the sooner we get done with it the better, and the earlier we go home. The truth is, gentlemen, privately speaking"—and he slightly lowered his voice to a somewhat confidential tone, with a smiling nod—"why, I think the whole affair in itself— Ah! no matter—at any rate, *settled* it must be, though we should box about here till doomsday, like the *Flying Dutchman*. Now we have a long day before us, gentlemen; fine weather, just the sort required, and— Why, I think, if we set about it, all hands, with a will, and in a seaman-like manner, we may put it at rest by to-morrow at farthest, one way or other. The thing is this: there is some report, or rumor, or whatever you like to call it, of a rock, or a shoal, or a bank, or something of the kind, not laid down in the charts, and the Admiralty, of course, want to know the truth of it. Now what we've got to do is just to find out whether there *is* such a thing or not; and if so, *where* it is: in one sense a sort of compliment, no doubt, to the *Thetis*, in another, perhaps rather more fit for some ten-gun brig or other, that can't do better; but the fact is, I always like to do what's expected of me, and do it I will. The affair, in short, is what any seaman can do—it only needs a little care; so let's all be active, gentlemen, look sharp, and what we don't like let's finish as quick as possible, and ship-shape to boot. I'll read you what mainly concerns the point in hand." Whereupon the commander proceeded to read aloud part of his dispatch from the secretary of the Naval Board, his usual distinct, manly notes involuntarily falling to a sort of drawling rote as he went on. "'To Post-Captain James Grove, of his Majesty's frigate *Thetis*, their lordships of the Honorable the Board of Admiralty'—and so on—'desiring you to search out and thoroughly investigate,' et cetera. Ah! 'Extract from ship's log of the trading brig *Jane Ann*, of Greenock, Alexander Macnellan, master, kept by Thomas Roger, mate, during voyage home from Leghorn.' Why did the man take round by Sardinia, I wonder?"

"Probably to avoid the French privateers, Sir," suggested the first lieutenant.

"Ah, I dare say, Sleighton," continued the captain. "Why didn't he wait for convoy, then? But these Scotchmen must always be taking advantage, and poking their long noses where they oughtn't; yet they're too cautious to do more, as you'll see here: '*April the 26th*, 1813.—Off the island of Sardinia, out of sight of land—weather looked dirty to windward. In first dog-watch stood in till made Cape Carboneray, about three leagues on the starboard bow, when gave the land a good offing agen by night-fall. *27th.*—Out of sight of land. Took the sun, to shape a course round, and made the latitude 38 degrees 50 minutes;[*] longitude, by reckoning, about 10¼ degrees, as nere as may be. At 4 bells afternoon watch came on strong gale from northeast and by east—Which refed tops'ls, and put the brig before it, being like to turn out a heavy gale at north. About three-quarters of an hour thereafter saw breakers right under our lee bow, and went about in good time. Being not come on to blow hard yet, and reesonabli clear to leeward, saw the breakers plain about 1 mile and a ½ off. Calqulated too have run near nine notts and a ½ sinse we took the sun and rekoned longitude. Signed, Thomas Roger, mate; and Alexander Macnellan, master.' Now," said Captain Grove, "all this is pretty particular, certainly."

"He seems rather a correct person, the mate, Sir," observed the first lieutenant.

"*Correct*, my good Sir," rejoined the captain, smiling; "why, yes, if you don't suppose most of this correctness hatched up to excuse their cursed laziness, or caution, or whatever it might be, in not going about again to see closer; for you'll notice, by their own confession, the gale hadn't come on yet, and they might have sent out a boat, if they had one to swim. Quite an extraordinary correctness, indeed, for Mediterranean merchantmen, unless they wished to give their owners a notion of their merits, or their friends a yarn about the dangers of the seas—which the good folks send forthwith to the Admiralty, forsooth! Why, either it might have been the first of the gale breaking in the mist, or, for ought I see, instead of Cape Carbonara, they might have made Cape Teulada, on the other side, and afterward one of those reefs about the islands there." Here the sailing-master unrolled a chart on the capstan drum-head, and pointed them out, with a respectful nod of assent. "But the truth is," continued the commander, "the matter becomes just as important whether or not; for unless such a thing is shown *not* to exist, why, with the best charts made, people won't be able to sleep in their hammocks at night; and we need to have a few of these tales regularly exposed. At any rate, we have our orders to execute; so, Mr. Jones, be so good as show exactly, if you please, where you have the ship's place pricked off on the chart."

"Here it is, Sir," said the master, putting his horny forefinger on the spot, and peering closely into it.

"What latitude and longitude do you make it, then?" inquired Captain Grove, looking at the mark.

"Well, Sir," replied the old seaman, "as near as I can say since last noon, about thirty-eight forty north, by ten and three-quarters east, according to what we found her longitude last mid-watch, Sir."

"Rather more nearly ten and a half, I think, Mr. Jones," remarked the first lieutenant.

"I reckon her to've made that much easting since we shortened sail, Mr. Sleighton, Sir," rejoined the master.

"Well, well," said the captain, "Mr. Jones is more likely to be right, as he keeps the log, Mr. Sleighton. Then here's Cape Carbonara, Mr. Jones, exactly northwest of us."

"Nigh fifty miles off, Sir, Cape Carbonnyraw may be," returned Mr. Jones; "but you'll make it out half that distance off from the mast-heads, Sir, in this here clear sort of a climate."

"No doubt, no doubt," said his superior; "then *that's* our first landmark. 'Twill take us almost three full hours to get over as much ground close-hauled, under all the canvas we can set, and fast as the *Thetis* is: however, the more time for looking out. By noon at farthest we shall be up with it, after which we shall probably have a slant of wind off shore, and can brace round again so as to make a sort of sharp angle on our late track. In which case, gentlemen, we can finish with a cut through it, like slicing through a wisp of hay for a needle! Mr. Sleighton, be so good as see the yards braced up sharp at once, Sir, if you please."

"Certainly, Sir," answered the young officer, turning, though hesitating for a moment. "Might I be allowed to make one suggestion, Sir?" said he.

"Why, you see, Mr. Sleighton," said Captain Grove, smiling rather coldly, "the whole matter is so simple, so much of a clear coil to any seaman, that— Why, Sir, in short, I mean to take the *management* to myself, and—leave my officers to handle the ship—the more cleverly the better, of course."

The first lieutenant turned on his heel, followed by his companions, and next moment the necessary orders were being given; the ship came gradually nearer to the wind as her heavy yards swung round, the confined sheets of canvas aloft fell spreading to the breeze, and she was soon rushing swiftly through the water at more than double her previous rate.

"By-the-way, Mr. Jones," resumed Captain Grove to the old master, "did *you* ever see or hear of anything of the kind hereabouts?"

"Well, Captain Grove, Sir," replied he, rubbing his chin thoughtfully with one hand, "for my part I can't say I ever did, Sir; and one time with another, man and boy, Sir, I've sailed in this here Mediterranean a good dozen and a half year. I make bold to say I know this same channel we're in, Sir, as well as most; but you'll be kind enough to observe, Captain Grove, that it weren't common for craft to keep so far into the land, in my day at any rate. And, after all, Sir, I'd never take upon me to go against what a man *sees*, so he *do* see it, seeing it's always hard for to prove a thing's *not*, Sir, whatever you may have seen yourself, you know, Sir."

"Unless you show that it isn't where he said it was, Jones," said the captain, familiarly, to the old seaman; "that you'll allow, eh?"

"Ay, ay, Sir," responded the master, with a cautious style of agreement; "of course, Sir, that's the matter, I don't deny."

"Now, Mr. Sleighton," said Captain Grove to his first lieutenant, when the latter had come on deck again from dispatching his breakfast, "you will hold straight on this course, clapping on everything you can, till you make out the land from aloft, and no longer. That being the chief point at present, I shall leave it to you; however, send a couple of leadsmen into the chains, and keep them heaving. See that there is a bright look-out aloft too, Sir, if you please."

The frigate accordingly, under a pyramid-like cloud of white sail, continued to rise buoyantly over the bright blue surges that leaped and sparkled as she cleft sharply through them, while the shower of snowy spray scattered back upon her was at times prismed by the radiance into fragments of rainbows. The breeze seemed to freshen from southwest, driving softly away up into the deep blue ample hollow of heaven overhead, the shape of one long gauzy vapor, which the ancients might have fancied as Aurora rising from the pursuit of the fervent sun: it was absorbed in the approach of noon, and the central concave of the pure Italian sky above grew more lucidly transparent in its profundity, till it had all the tint of intense violet. The men high on the frigate's top-gallant cross-trees, meanwhile, were repeatedly hailed to keep on the watch, both toward horizon and sea: from every point of the ship looked out some curious eye, accustomed to scan the confusing and transient objects presented by water in motion; while in truth the minds of her crew naturally persisted in blending with the immediate purpose of their proceedings somewhat of the treasure-finding ideas recently set before them, and which in no small degree enhanced their attention. The shadow of hull and canvas, too, was as yet thrown long to westward of the vessel, substituting there a light green tinge for that bright blue which the waves of the Mediterranean, unlike the deeper ocean indigo, wear only in view of the sky and sunlight; and lest some hidden danger or actual change of color might be thus passed by under a veil, the leadsmen leaning out of her chains cast their hand-leads at short intervals far forward toward the bows; the sharp plunge of the weights, settling till they dipped right below the seamen's feet, the knotted line vibrating to its full stretch through their hardy fingers, was followed only now and then by the long-drawn cry of "No grou—nd!" The transient shade left the waters blue as ever astern, and still their broad expanse offered nothing more unusual than the foam-tipped crest of a larger surge, or some sea-bird's wing glancing along the gentle hollows at a distance.

Noon was not far off, and the breeze began to fall away in capricious puffs and sighs, letting the ruffled surface pass into smoother ripples that reflected the blaze of light from above, when, although from the frigate's decks the clear sapphire-like outline of the horizon was alone visible, the sudden hail of "Land—O!" came falling hoarsely down from more than one point high amongst her towering spread of canvas.

"Hallo!" shouted the shrill voice of the first lieutenant; "where-away?"

"Right ahead, Sir," was the reply; and the old master, spy-glass in hand, slowly ascended the rigging to verify his expectations.

"Quite right, Sir," said he to the commander, who awaited him on his descent; "it's Cape Carbonnyraw to a certainty."

"Then, Mr. Sleighton," said the captain, "you may go about at once: we are pretty near where the Scotchman must have been, according to his own account, before he stood out to sea the second time, and shall just try, after that, to be as like going before a northeaster as we can with westerly winds."

Such as the breeze was, it was shifting toward a west wind, or zephyr, by the time the *Thetis* had tacked, so that she now edged off gradually from her former track, her recent watchfulness being, if possible, redoubled, with the addition of slight changes occasionally in her course, which placed a wider reach of surface under immediate examination. The sun's altitude as it reached the meridian was now taken, and the calculations from it agreed accurately enough with the reckonings of the master. The charts indicating the depth of water hereabouts and the nature of the bottom, the ship was accordingly hove to, soundings taken with the deep-sea lead, and found to be such as stated by the authority, while at the distance of a mile or two southwest a shoal or bank was mentioned where the water shallowed considerably, passing from hard rock to gray sand and shells. Here too the usual process confirmed the correctness of the topography, even to the minutest circumstance, as the hollow at the end of the lead, filled with white lard, brought up its sample of the gray sand and shells which were so precisely specified. Having thus much at least found the valuable guidance of the charts in all points confirmed, Captain Grove was the less disposed, so far as his own convictions went, to mistrust them in aught else. The *Thetis*, nevertheless, still made way in the direction of her new course, till the light air which had more and more unsteadily played around her at length deserted the highest of her sails, and she lay finally becalmed on the hot expanse, where the glittering Mediterranean scarcely undulated beneath a flood of light. Even then, however, the activity of her commander's investigation was far from being intermitted. No sooner had the ship's company dined than several boats were sent off toward as many different points, with orders to pull about and notice the slightest peculiarity of the surface within view—a piece of service on which the midshipmen and sailors entered with all the glee excited by variety in nautical routine.

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[*] In the Mediterranean latitude is, of course, always *north*, and the Greenwich meridian almost everywhere to westward. The theory and instruments of navigation are here also generally less important than experimental pilotage.

The afternoon was far advanced toward evening, and the blue ethereal glow of the sky already began to extend its span above the idle canvas of the frigate from eastward to the intenser west, as if it let down the sun with all his glories from its embrace, and ampler room went silently up in it; colors and streaks of cloud gathered low over against the frigate's starboard bow in the transparent distance, when the land-wind came stealing from northwest, imparting a faint tint of emerald to the blue of the waters as it ruffled them, and she was soon gliding off again with her head turned away from it. The breeze had by degrees freshened; the stately *Thetis* began to fly along like a racer, with the white sea-dust rising from before her, till, as the more easterly wind from Italy and the Apennines joined the local one, her progress increased to the swiftness of an arrow; the lively waves rushed briskly on her weather quarter, sending the sprays now and then sprinkled across her bows. The whole series of precautionary measures was again in full play, and she was fast running down the required line of investigation, so as to make the most of what daylight remained, when shortly afterward a sail was descried to leeward, at the distance of two or three miles outside the course of the *Thetis*. The looks of the officers on the quarter-deck were naturally directed toward it with interest; but as to speak the vessel closely would seriously divert them from their present aim, no change was at first made in the movements of the frigate.

"It's nothing more but one of their small Sardiniyane coasting craft, Sir," remarked the master, as he laid down the glass, in reply to the question of his commander.

The captain paused, looked at the sky, brightening with sunset, and appeared doubtful. "We have little more than an hour of the light to count upon, though, Mr. Jones," he observed.

"These coasters, Sir," said the first lieutenant, quietly, "are generally pretty well acquainted with the localities, although people seldom think of taking advantage of their knowledge, Sir."

"Yes," said Captain Grove, "we might get a hint or two, Mr. Sleighton, that might do us good as soon as the moon rises; so I think you may—Yes, Sir, put up her helm, and stand down to that coaster."

As the frigate's yards swung fuller to the wind, and she bore swiftly down toward the Sardinian vessel, the two striped triangular sails of the latter seemed scarcely larger than the wings of a seagull, which they greatly resembled, with one sharp corner of each slanting far out above the short masts; more especially when she altered her course a little, apparently at sight of the ship in chase of her, and began to scud off before the wind, shifting over one sail so as to point opposite to the other. The *Thetis*, however, with the whole force of the breeze on her lofty canvas, drove through the surges like some stately creation of the deep in pursuit of some stray adventurer from the land. The foam seethed up around her massive sides, and sank again, as if the element acknowledged her, while the little felucca's tiny hull was at times half hidden by the bright blue waves on which it dipped and danced along. All at once, on the ship's suddenly firing a blank shot across her wake, the coaster let go her sails by the run; and when the smoke had cleared away, she was seen lightly rising and falling, without a rag spread, at little more than half a mile's distance. The *Thetis* stood on for a few minutes longer, and hove to, close by the felucca, after which she sent out a boat to bring the Sardinian master on board. The poor padrone, or captain, in his red-tasselled cap, dingy velvet jacket, and open-kneed breeches, had no sooner contrived to scramble up the side and reach the quarter-deck, followed by a grinning midshipman, than he gave vent to all sorts of gesticulations and protestations explanatory of his having unfortunately mistaken the British ship for a French one.

"Mr. Sleighton," said Captain Grove to his first lieutenant, "I believe you are the only one of us that knows the poor man's confounded lingo: pray try to stop his jabber, and ask him whence he comes and where he's bound. For my part, I know even less of it than I do of French, which, Heaven be thanked! is very little."

It was characteristic of Sleighton that he had given his attention, wherever he had been on shore, to acquiring the language of the country; and as descriptive of his fellow-officers at the time, that it was one of the things they disliked him for, or despised in him. He accordingly put the desired question to the Sardinian, who appeared much relieved.

"Eccellenza, to Spartivento," said he, answering only the latter part of the inquiry.

"Where *from?*" repeated the lieutenant, in Italian.

The Mediterranean mariner hesitated, glanced about uneasily, and at last named "Marsala, in Sicily."

"The very tract we want, I think," said the captain. "Does he cross the channel often?"

"Securo, signor, securo" (certainly), was the answer.

"And knows the coast well?" suggested Captain Grove again.

"Si, eccellenza; motto bene," replied the Sardinian, smiling modestly.

"Does he know of any small rock or shoal, where the sea breaks, or otherwise, anywhere on the tract betwixt Sicily and Sardinia?" was the next inquiry.

"Rock—or shoal?" repeated the man, in his own language, seeming to muse for a moment, and then shaking his head as he looked up at the lieutenant who put the query: "Questo non so, signor; scuso" ("I do not know, signor; excuse me").

"Has he heard of any vessels being lost thereabouts lately, or at any particular time?" asked the commander, once more.

At this last question the padrone of the felucca appeared uneasy, and his eye caught the first lieutenant's. "I have not, signor," said he, turning round; "Santa Maria, nonl'o! After the greggale comes, however, signor, there is sad work sometimes;" and he crossed himself devoutly.

"The greggale blew here a day or two ago, did it not?" inquired the first lieutenant, carelessly, and he cast another look over the bulwarks toward the little vessel, where a couple of brown-faced Italian mariners were sitting with their bare legs over the sails which had been hauled down upon the lumber below, as they gazed up curiously at the lofty sides and upper gear of the frigate.

"Si, signor," said the padrone, briefly, in reply to his question.

"And since then," continued the lieutenant, "you have been *fishing*, I suppose?"

The Sardinian looked about him, and gave no further response; while the old master of the *Thetis* observed to Captain Grove that "them fellows commonly knew less about the matter than a seaman; for," said he, "a deep keel draws more water than a shallow one; and where *you* strike, Sir, why, *they* go clear over, and know nothing at all about it."

The keen eye of Sleighton, notwithstanding, while attention was paid to the padrone himself, had for a moment remarked the number of casks and other articles apparently concealed by the felucca's sails; and connecting the circumstance with his manner, he suspected the Sardinian of knowing more on the subject than he was willing to avow. However, Captain Grove presented the man with some silver for his trouble; the boat once more put him on board his own craft; and the *Thetis*, hauling round her main-yard again, was shortly afterward cleaving the waters as before, although now with the shades of night beginning to close fast in around her, so that ere long her canvas was reduced to nearly the same proportions it had shown at daybreak, in order to await the advantage of moonlight for her future researches.

Night, in that pure climate of the Mediterranean, and at that season, seems to steal up from earth and down and out of the sky not in vapors and defined shadows, but with a new atmosphere, almost as if it were the more normal state of things, containing a truer revelation. The round compass of the sea drew itself sharply about the horizon, its blueness seeming to exhale into the air above it, while all within was one liquidly rising depth of flowing silence, made more intense by the light plash of the water alongside and the ripple at the bows; a floating hush, as it were, pervaded the obscure, and a sort of airy glimmer which took away the sense of darkness. Scarcely, indeed, had the dark closed upon the rear of twilight, when a transparency from beyond seemed about to break forth anew; and all the while an amplitude of space, far vaster than before, was being cleared away around as well as above, until the dark blue firmament spread itself immensely over all, shining with starry points and clusters, amongst which came out many a figure as well known to sailors as those upon their mothers' printed gowns when they were boys. The breeze still blew freely, and every man on deck inhaled its coolness over the bulwarks, balmy as it was after the heat of the day, and faintly smelling of land; while the light through the bull's-eyes of the quarter-deck and the side scuttles aft showed that the officers were dispatching their evening meal, in order to resume the late process with the first moonlight. Shortly after, the streaks of hazy gray cloud low in the east began to show, as it were, a pool of amber light diffusing from behind; the azure of the sky looked over them, and the large yellow circle of the full moon floated at length slowly out, like some pale, rescued face of the Nereids, or fair ancient Diana restored to belief. In five minutes more the sharp order of the officer of the watch was heard and passed along, when breadth after breadth of canvas fell from aloft against the sky, and rose tightening to the breeze, as the frigate again went ploughing swiftly to the southeast.

She continued thus, as before, to slip easily through and over the lengthened surges that now rose glittering past her shadow out of their pale blue hollows, while eastward ran a floor of silver moonshine, till it was past midnight, and the ship must have been sixty or seventy miles aslant from the land seen during day. She was then put about, so as to bring the wind before her beam, and beat up with sails sloped to meet it, into the base of the long triangle formed by her entire cruise since daybreak: the moon, high in heaven, and filling its upper sphere with light which far surpassed that of Northern regions, whitened the whole lee side of the frigate and the full bosoms of her sails, while the foam came sweeping to her outer timbers along that side, out of clear-edged circles and silver eddies. Nothing as yet varied the surrounding expanse far or near but such scarcely heeded accidents; and the men of the watch, beginning by this time to weary of their fruitless labor, turned their eyes involuntarily ever and anon from their occupations toward the sky aloft, where a pointed streak or two of cloud hung delicately white amidst the suffusion of the upper air, and motionless, in spite of the brisk breeze by which the *Thetis* rushed ahead. One starry sign above another, too, spread up beyond the moon: the larger and lesser plough, the great triangle, trembling in keen points, with separate stars sparkling out awfully between; while one cluster, like a diamond lyre, high up, and as it were distant since sunset, appeared to twinkle, ere it vanished, in the very purest pinnacle of vacancy; others melting back into the light which flowed over them as from a spring. The captain and chief officers, indeed, had collected on the ship's lee quarter, sextants or other instruments in hand, to fix the present longitude by lunar observation, choosing to measure the planet's distance from one bright, well-known star, which had been fancifully preferred throughout many a former voyage. Castor, it might have been, whom, with his twin brother Pollux, the old mariners were wont to recognize as tutelary. The calculation had no sooner been accomplished than the commander of the *Thetis* remarked, with an air of satisfaction, on their being now in pretty near the same parallel as that indicated by the account of the merchantman. "And yet," continued he, chiefly addressing the first lieutenant, "not the slightest sign have we seen or felt of anything like what the fellow pretends."

"Allow me to observe, however, Sir," replied Sleighton, gravely, "what I wished to say before, that instead of getting the latitude at one time and the longitude at another, which only tends to confuse us, we ought in a matter of this kind to—"

"How, Sir!" said Captain Grove, a little sharply; "do you suppose one of his Majesty's ships mayn't find her place at least as correctly as a red-haired Scotchman with his grandmother's watch?"

"But, Sir," persisted the first lieutenant, "the more incorrect *they* were, the more need—excuse me, Captain Grove—for care in our own astronomical observations, Sir, I presume."

"Astronomy be hanged!" said the commander; "the thing doesn't depend on astronomy, Mr. Sleighton."

"At any rate, we should have taken a *variety* of deep-sea soundings, Sir," replied Mr. Sleighton, "leaving buoys to mark where we had been before. I think the best way in such cases, Sir, is to take the report for granted, till it is *proved* undeniably false."

"Take it for granted, Mr. Sleighton!" rejoined his superior; "I shall do nothing of the sort, I assure you, Sir. The fact is, Mr. Sleighton, you are a little too fond of contrariety, for the mere sake of it; but the best thing you can do, Sir, is—get a ship of your own, and come out to look for this shoal fly-away you are so convinced of, I suppose, when other people begin to scout it; *then* of course you can make astronomical observations as long and often as you please." The first lieutenant bit his lip, but nothing else betrayed his feelings save that he leaned over the side and looked steadily into the water sliding past. "However, gentlemen," continued Captain Grove, in his usual tone, "we shall soon have run through the whole ground, with the next stretch to windward at least; and if *that* don't bring the matter out, why, I have a good mind to be fairly off by morning."

"We shall be delighted to hear it, Sir," answered the second lieutenant, smiling respectfully. The frigate was soon tacked again, and catching the wind on her opposite side, she ran up the space she had hitherto chiefly inclosed; while the moon, setting slowly past her lee quarter, began to lengthen its broad reflection into a dancing path of light across the waters on the ship's beam.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT TOAD-STONES.

IT appears to have been from time immemorial a tradition in India that serpents have a precious stone in the head, which might be used as a specific against poison, when taken internally; or applied as a charm, when carried about the person, set in a jewel, to forewarn against venom. But Pliny seems to be the first, and indeed the only, writer of very ancient times, according to Mr. King, in his *History of Gems and Precious Stones*, who mentions the toad-stone; for he speaks of the wonderful qualities of a certain bone in the right side of a toad, and says, besides, that stones called Batrachites were brought from Coptos, some in color like a frog, some like ivory, and others blackish-red, like a toad.

This name of Batrachites, however, given to the stones by Pliny on account of their color—for the word signifies something like a frog—was doubtless the origin of mediæval legends on the subject, which are found all over Europe. The general form which the superstition assumed was this, that toads are extremely venomous animals, and that they have in their heads a stone of exceeding virtue as a talisman, charm, or amulet. Modern science, as we shall see presently, does not confirm either of these statements, but we will give our readers some out of many instances in old writers of the prevailing fancies of our forefathers. Topsell, in his *History of Serpents*, speaks of the toad as most venomous, and remarkable for courage and strength, and gives minute directions for procuring its stone; and Lyly, in his *Euphues*, talks of the foul toad having a fair stone in his head. Ben Jonson, too, in 'The Fox,' says,

> "Were you enamored on his copper rings,
> His saffron jewel with the toad-stone in't?"

Edward Llwyd, who wrote in 1698, speaks of these stones as being in shape just like acorn-cups; and other writers, most of whom it would be tedious to enumerate in detail, suppose them to be the eyes of petrified toads, and call them, therefore, Crapaudines and Bufonites, from the French and Latin names respectively for the toad. Conybeare and Phillips, writing in 1822, remark that they were in common use a century ago with ladies as ornaments; but in the Middle Ages they were worn more as charms to preserve the fortunate possessor from the "evil-eye," and other malign influences, just as the hoof of an ass, mounted in silver, was thought to protect the wearer from epilepsy. In the exhibition at South Kensington in 1862 the late Cardinal Wiseman showed a large silver ring with a toad-stone in it; and in the same exhibition was a ring formed of a hoof, surrounded by a silver band with a crapaudine on the bezel—a most potent charm, doubtless, combining thus two such important substances, and mounted in silver, a metal always prescribed by the learned in such matters for the setting of all charms and amulets. In fact, mediæval jewels, with toad-stones set in silver, were very common, and the superstition prevailed on the Continent much longer even than in England. Erasmus describes a famous toad-stone set near the feet of the image of the Virgin at Walsingham; and Batman, in his addenda to Bartholome's work, says that there are some toads that breed in Italy, and especially near Naples, which have in their heads a stone called *crapo*, as big as a pea, but flat, and of a gray color, with a brown spot in the middle, said to be of great virtue. Camillo again, who was physician to Borgia, and who really ought therefore to know something about poisons, speaks of the borax, nosa, or crapondinus, which, he says, is found in the brain of a freshly killed toad. The best kinds are said to be white, like the ivory of Pliny before mentioned; but others are of a dark bluish color, with a sort of eye-mark on them, like Batman's "brown spot." These stones he indicates as a perfect antidote against poison, if swallowed, by expelling the virus through the bowels. Edward Fenton, in his *Wonders of Nature*, published in 1569, describes a stone called Borax or Stelon, found in the heads of old and great toads, more particularly if they happen to be he-toads; and says that these stones have great virtue in repelling poisons, and form a most sovereign remedy against the stone or gravel. In 1838 a beautiful locket, forming a small padlock, was found in digging a grave in the church-yard at Devizes, in Wiltshire. It was composed of two bufonites united by a silver band, and having the wards of the lock in the cavity between them, and the key-hole in the centre of one of the stones. The workmanship appeared to be evidently of sixteenth-century date. It was probably worn, not only as an ornament, but as a charm, and as such, being most valuable, was buried with its possessor. This "find" is well described by Mr. Cunnington in an interesting paper read before the Wilts Archæological and Natural History Society. Such being the potency and value of the toad-stone, Lupton, in his *Notable Things*, tells how to make quite sure that you have got a real stone, and not a mere counterfeit. His test is a very quaint one. Hold, says he, your stone before a toad, so that he may see it well, and if it be a right and true stone, your toad will leap toward it, and make as though he would snatch it from you, for he envieth so much that man should have that stone! But there is a quainter story still, told by Nichols, in his *Lapidary*, about the way to get the true stone from the toad himself, which he says was reported to be as follows: Take a large and old he-toad, and place him on a table upon a red cloth. Watch him carefully all night, and before morning he will vomit up his stone. Anselmus Boetius, however, says that he really had the courage, when a young man, to follow this recipe to the letter, but after his long and tedious watchful expectation, the old toad was still in the same posture when morning arrived, and nothing happened to gratify the great pangs of his night's restlessness. We might give many other quotations if space permitted, but we must by no means, of course, omit mention of the greatest writer of all, Shakspeare himself, who, while in *Richard III.* he speaks of the "poisonous bunch-backed toad," has taken the mere superstition out of the hands of ignorant believers, and, substituting the spirit for the letter, has transmuted it into a beautiful philosophical truth, in the well-known passage from *As You Like It*, where he says,

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head!"

which, when we think of the bufonite, and what we learn from it, gives us, as it were, a newer meaning and a fuller expression to the lines which follow, when we get thus a sample of

> "Sermons in *stones*, and good in everything."

One more writer, however, we must quote, and,